RAGING BULL

Script Revised 2-1-79

M.S.
R.D.N.

RAGING BULL

March 26, 1979

Please Note:

TONY, Jake's trainer, has now been changed to MARIO.

VERA, Vickie's girlfriend in Scene 39 (page 41) has now been changed to URSULA.

RAGING BULL

Locations to be done:

Scene #	Location	Synopsis
1		1964- Jake rehearses for Barbizon Plaza
55-56		1956- Jake entertains in his club in Miami
67		1956- Jake entertains in Miami
72-73		1954- With Vickie at his side, Jake announces his retirement
74		1956- Another opening at Jake's Club in Miami
75		1956- The next morning Vickie tells Jake she's leaving him
76		1957- Jake is arrested on a morals clause
77-78		1957- Jake retrieves championship belt from Vickie, but can't raise money for bail from Jeweler
81		1964- Jake continues rehearsal at the Barbizon
82-83		1957- While serving time in jail, Jake's life flashes past him - MONTAGE part
84-86		1958- Jake and Joey are reunited
87-88		1964- Jake opens at the Barbizon

MUSIC IN: "Stone Cold Dead in the Market" by Louis Jordon

THE TITLES appear on black. They are intercut with CLOSE-UPS of a fighter's body.

EXAMPLES:

Feet move.

Credit over black.

Body lunges.

Credit over black.

Fists swing and punch at the air.

Credit over black.

WE CATCH A GLIMPSE of young JAKE LAMOTTA.

THEN CUT TO:

1 INT: BARBIZON PLAZA THEATRE - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT (1964)

JAKE LAMOTTA, wearing a tux, is shadow-boxing.

We are unsure of where hs is -- he moves in and out of the shadows. At 42, he's overweight and out of shape, but the balls of his feet still pop up and down like they were on canvas and his tiny fists still jerk forward with short bursts of light. He is rehearsing a nightclub monologue.

JAKE
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. It's a thrill to be standing here talking to you wonderful people. In fact, it's a thrill to be standing! I haven't seen so many people since my last fight at Madison Square Garden. After that fight, a reporter asked me, 'Jake, where do you go from here?' I said, 'To a hospital!' I fought one hundred and six professional fights and still none of them bums figured out how to fight me -- they kept hitting me in the head! And that's why I'm here tonight ...
(starts to sing)
'When the fighter's not engaged
in his employment, his
employment,
Although he was Champ and quite
the rage,
He must go somewhere else to seek
employment, seek employment.
But a fighter's life is not a
bowl of cherries,
Still I'd rather have an egg
than a fist upon my face ...
That's Entertainment!'

2 INT: CLEVELAND ARENA - NIGHT (1941)

Bam! JIMMY REEVES, a fast, black middleweight, jabs LAMOTTA, 19 years old, in the face. JAKE staggers forward. No matter how hard LAMOTTA is hit, no matter how often, he always staggers forward -- like a bull. The bell sounds.

Battered, JAKE slumps on the stool in his corner.

It's September, 1941. Europe and Asia are already at war. Young SOLDIERS, freshly recruited, dot the hostile audience -- each screaming at the FIGHTERS in the ring.

2 CONTD

Suddenly, words are exchanged, a GIRL screams, and a SOLDIER and a CIVILIAN stand and start swinging.

AND IN THE RING: JAKE LAMOTTA takes a swig of water and spits blood into the bucket his younger brother, JOEY, holds for him. TONY, his trainer, works the cuts.

JOEY
You didn't have to come to Cleveland to get beat by a "moulan yan," Jake!

TONY
He's got you, Jake! You're out-pointed! You're coming up for the tenth. You gotta knock him out!

The bell sounds for the tenth. JAKE pulls himself up and charges at REEVES.

REEVES slides away, jabbing, punching, piling up points.

In JAKE's corner, JOEY stands and yells at JAKE:

JOEY
A grand apiece! We got a grand apiece on this, Jake! A fucking grand!

JAKE suddenly corners REEVES and unleashes a desperate, wild alley-fighting attack. One ferocious punch after another.

The SPECTATORS go wild; everyone's up for the kill.

REEVES staggers, then falls to the canvas.

The REFEREE counts:

REFEREE
One, two, three, four ...

The GAMBLERS call out new odds; ten to one for REEVES, the underdog. JOEY, excited, sees that time is running out and steps in front of the bell. He swings his arms, pretending not to realize he literally holds back the TIMER's arm for a few seconds. This gives JAKE more time for a knockout -- but not enough. JOEY is pushed back and the bell rings at the count of nine, ending the match.

2 CONTD

Boos and cheers. The BETTORS scramble back to the BOOKIE to get their money.

JAKE dances around the ring, kissing his gloves and thrusting them toward the CROWD. JOEY rushes out and hugs him.

The ANNOUNCER steps into the ring with the mike:

ANNOUNCER
Ladies and Gentlemen, the winner, under the rules of the Cleveland Boxing Commission, after ten rounds, by a decision -- Jimmy Reeves.

The ANNOUNCER holds up REEVES' arm as his corner tries to lift him off the canvas -- still out cold. TWO ATTENDANTS bring in a stretcher.

JAKE is stunned. He still prances around, now trying to figure out what happened. He raises his arms in victory, and the FANS go crazy, cheering, ripping chairs out, fighting with the COPS, throwing bottles and junk into the ring. PEOPLE go into the ring.

JOEY
(to Jake)
Don't get out of the ring. You won't the fight -- let him go out first.

CUT TO:

REEVES being placed on the stretcher.

A ringside OFFICIAL signals the ORGANIST and she starts to play the "Star Spangled Banner." REEVES is carried out.

Only then do JOEY and TONY escort JAKE out of the ring.

3 EXT: WEBSTER AVENUE AND 169TH ST., THE BRONX - NEXT DAY

It's a rough neighborhood, inhabited primarily by welfare cases and street kids.

In the street, two young PUNKS, 13 or 14 years old, exchange words and start to fight. Their FIRENDS cheer them on. SALVY and JOEY turn the corner.

JOEY
Salvy, would I steer you wrong?
(MORE)

3 CONTD

JOEY (contd)
Let's say that's the truck; it's full of cigarettes, right? Now, two o'clock this morning we move the truck from here to there,

He points; the CAMERA PANS.

JOEY (contd)
take the cigarettes out, sell 'em, make some cash.

SALVY
Hey but Joey, you're thinking nickels and dimes. The money's with your brother.

JOEY
What do you want from my life, Salvy? He's my brother.

SALVY
He ain't doin' the right thing. He's makin' beans compared to what he should be makin'. Can't you make him understand that?

A COP goes over and starts to break up the fight.

JOEY
(to cop)
Hey, leave the kids alone.

SALVY
Get lost.
(joking, he knows the cop)
Hey kids, "A cop is a rat." Remember that, "A rat."

The KIDS yell.

JOEY
(to cop)
Hey Jimmy, here's a dollar for your trouble. There's some bums around the corner -- they need your help.

COP
Keep the dollar, Joey. Get yourself a new suit.

3 CONTD

JOEY
(laughs)
Here's my new suit.
(grabs his crotch)
Right here.

COP
Hey, don't get wise!

JOEY
Just kidding, take it easy.
(to himself)
No fuckin' sense of humor.

SALVY and JOEY continue to walk a little faster, giggling.

4 INT: JAKE AND IRMA'S KITCHEN - DAY

JAKE, bandaged from the REEVES fight the night before, sits at the kitchen table (he's had a few glasses of wine) while his wife, IRMA, 19, cooks at the stove.

JAKE gets up and pokes at the frying steak with a fork.

JAKE
This looks done.

IRMA
It's not done.

JAKE
It looks done. I'll take it the way it is.

IRMA
Here's your steak. You can't wait for it to be done. Here.

She slams the steak onto his plate, and reaches back to the stove.

IRMA (contd)
Here's your carrots. You're in such a hurry. You can't wait.

JAKE
No, I can't wait. You know when I wait? When it's important to wait. It's not important to wait for no steak. It's important to wait for Reeves to leave the ring.
(MORE)

4 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
It ain't important to wait for no steak! I won that fight. So, I stayed in the ring, and that way I made sure everybody knew it. I shoulda knocked him out earlier, sonofabitch.

He starts to eat the steak. He takes a drink of wine.

JAKE (contd)
Wait! I'll wait. But let me tell you, if this steak was the middleweight championship, I'd show you how I'd wait. I'd eat it raw. I'd drink the blood. I'd eat it before it came out of the cow -- that's how I'd wait.

5 EXT: JAKE AND IRMA'S APARTMENT BUILDING/TENEMENT - DAY

SALVY and JOEY approach the building.

JOEY
I can't convince him. He's got such a thick head, I'd like to crack it open myself. Believe me, my own brother. It's very hard. You don't have to convince me -- I know we should be with Tommy. You talk to him. He don't listen to nobody.

SALVY
Look, I'm just tellin' you how Tommy feels. Jake is makin' it hard on himself. Tommy wants him with us. It's as simple as that.

They stop at the doorway.

SALVY (contd)
Talk some sense into him, will ya? You're still his brother. If he ain't gonna listen to you, he ain't gonna listen to nobody!

JOEY
All right, I'll try. See you later.

SALVY
Tomorrow, at the gym. Don't forget.

5 CONTD

JOEY
Right, the gym.

SALVY leaves. JOEY goes into the building.

6 INT: JAKE AND IRMA'S KITCHEN - DAY

JOEY is knocking at the door. IRMA opens it.

JOEY
(noticing Jake)
What's the matter?

IRMA
He's doing it again.

JOEY
(goes to Jake)
What's the matter? You're drinking. You're eating like an animal.

JOEY sits next to JAKE at the kitchen table. JAKE has a drink in his hand, and tears on his face.

JOEY (contd)
What's wrong?

JAKE
(gets up)
Nothing ...

JAKE goes into the living room. IRMA looks at JOEY. JOEY follows JAKE.

7 INT: LIVING ROOM

JOEY walks up to JAKE.

JOEY
Hey, c'mon, what's the matter?

JAKE
(privately, to Joey)
I ain't ever gonna fight Joe Louis, that's what's the matter.

JOEY
What're you talking about? He's a heavyweight. You're a middleweight.

JAKE holds out his scarred hands.

7 CONTD

JAKE
Look at these hands. These fuckin' hands. I was born with a girl's hands. And even if I put on enough weight to be a heavyweight, I'd be too slow to fight. No matter how big I get, I'll never be big enough to fight Louis.

JAKE pauses. IRMA watches from the doorway.

JOEY
That's what I'm sayin'. You shouldn't even think like that. It's crazy.

JAKE
(continuing)
I tell you one thing. Ok, I'll never be big enough to fight Louis, but I know Joey, I know ...

JOEY
You know?

JAKE
Yeah. Do me a favor.

JOEY
Sure. What is it?

JAKE
Hit me in the face.

JOEY
(after a pause)
You want me to do what?

JAKE
You heard me, I said hit me.

JOEY
C'mon, Jack. You had a few drinks.

JAKE
Go ahead. I ain't drunk. Take your best shot. On the jaw.

JOEY
Jack, I got no gloves.

JAKE
(grabs a nearby towel)
Here's your glove.

7 CONT

JOEY wraps it around his fist. IRMA watches. JOEY hits JAKE with his right. JAKE holds fast.

JAKE (contd)
Go ahead. Hit me. C'mon, don't worry about it. I want you to hit me with everything you got.

JOEY hauls off and lands him a real belt. JAKE rolls with it and stands firm.

JAKE (contd)
Again. Harder.

JOEY hits him again.

JAKE (contd)
Harder. Go 'head.

JOEY hits him again.

JAKE (contd)
Harder.
(grabs the towel)
Take the towel off.

JOEY
Jack! Enough!

JAKE
Go ahead.

JOEY hits him again. JAKE holds fast. JAKE starts to walk away.

JOEY
What was that for? I know you can take punches. I can hit you from now to doomsday. What the fuck does that prove? *

JAKE
See that, I don't feel it. I can take it. I know I can take anybody.

8 EXT: GLEASON'S GYM - NEXT DAY

Gleason's, a small gym and fight club, stands on 149th Street and 3rd Avenue above a small sandwich shop.

Each day BOBBY GLEASON posts a small sign alongside the door listing the fighters who will be working out. JAKE's name is posted at the top; the other names are unmemorable.

9 INT: GLEASON'S - DAY

Gleason's has a single sparring ring and ten training bags. About a dozen managers train their fighters out at Gleason's. For 50 cents, spectators sit in the gallery and watch the workouts.

JAKE is sparring with JOEY in the ring. They've been working out for a while now. The bell rings ending the third round. JAKE prances about the ring waiting for the bell to sound again.

At that moment, SALVY, along with two other young "BUTTON" MEN (actually, they are very young -- about JOEY's age) enter the gym. They are well-dressed (over-coat, ties, suits, flashy rings, etc.). They say hello to some PEOPLE by the door. JAKE looks over and notices them. SALVY looks over to the ring.

SALVY
(waves)
Hey Joey --

JOEY waves back.

SALVY (contd)
(waves again)
Jake, how you doin'?

JAKE nods to SALVY very cold. SALVY notices and can feel that he's not exactly wanted there by JAKE. JOEY notices the same and becomes a bit nervous.

SALVY sits down near the ring but not as close as he'd like to. His two friends, FRANKIE and GUIDO, sit nearby also.

JAKE goes to JOEY's corner.

JAKE
Did you know they were coming up here?

JOEY doesn't answer.

JAKE (contd)
Answer me when I talk to you.

JOEY
Yeah, yeah. They just wanted to talk to you. So I ...

JAKE
(interrupting)
Don't ever bring those kids up
(MORE)

9 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
here again! I'm working out, I'm killin' myself in here, and they walk around like they fuckin' own the neighborhood.

SALVY and the OTHERS see JOEY being chewed out by JAKE. They begin to feel unwelcome at the gym.

The bell sounds. JAKE is more aggressive now as he corners JOEY. JAKE swings away with body punches. JOEY can't block them. SALVY and the OTHERS watch.

The bell sounds again. With that, SALVY and the OTHERS start to leave.

SALVY
(to Joey)
Hey Joey, we better go. See you later.

JOEY, dazed, turns to wave.

JAKE
Go 'head. Wave goodbye. They're your friends.

JAKE watches them leave.

JAKE (contd)
And that hard-on, Salvy. Who's he think he is? I'm gonna let that fuckin' hard-on come up here and act like a big shot. *

JOEY
What are you getting so hot about -- Tommy Como told him to come down here... *

JAKE
(interrupting)
Hey, I don't care about Tommy Como. I don't care about Jesus Christ on the fuckin' cross. I gotta give them a percentage of what I make! I'm in here breaking my ass, not them. Don't ever bring them up here again. *

JOEY
I didn't tell them to come. Tommy Como... *

The bell sounds again. JAKE hits JOEY a few more solid body punches. JOEY gets angry and fights back with a flurry of punches which have no effect on JAKE. JAKE laughs.

9 CONTD

JAKE
That's right, fight back. I got laid three times before I came up here this morning and I can still break your ass.

JOEY fights back, but it's no use.

JOEY
You cocksucker.

JAKE laughs. The two continue to swing it out, as SALVY watches unseen from the doorway.

10 EXT: SHOREHAVEN POOL - DAY (1942-43)

The Shorehaven Pool, spic-and-span in the summer sun is the closest thing to a country club in the Bronx. An eight foot fence stands between the pool and the street.

JAKE, wearing slacks and a sportshirt, hangs out with the "BOYS" near the bar area. Older, "MADE" MEN play cards. A young FAN walks by and says:

FAN
Hey, Jake.

At the opposite end of the pool where the GIRLS gossip, and sunbathe, JOEY swaps small talk with VICKIE, a school girl, about 15. VICKIE is a knockout.

SALVY, FRANKIE and JUNIOR are with VICKIE and her FRIENDS. They joke with JOEY.

JAKE watches SALVY and VICKIE.

JAKE'S P.O.V.: JOEY is talking (PAN) to VICKIE. VICKIE giggles. JOEY stands and walks over to JAKE.

JAKE
(referring to Vickie)
Who's that?

JOEY
Whadda you care?

JAKE
Whadda ya mean, whadda I care? Who is she?

10 CONTD

JAKE
What's a matter? You afraid I'm gonna take her on you?

JOEY
No, I'm not afraid. Why? You wanna meet her?

JAKE
Yeah --

JOEY
Cause I'll go right over there and bring her here.

JAKE
Go 'head.

JOEY
You sure you wanna meet her? Don't make me go over there, you change your mind and you make me look bad, cause she's really a knockout. She's 15, this kid -- a great piece of ass.

JAKE
How do you know? You know her that good?

JOEY
No, I see her around the pool. I know her. I know her like that -- not like that.

JAKE
(gesturing to his bandage)
Nah, not now... I wanna wait. I don't feel right...

JAKE watches VICKIE.

11 INT: JAKE AND IRMA'S APT., LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

JOEY
(to Jake)
I'm tellin' you, she'll be there, I know she'll be there.

JAKE
'Cause I wanna catch her alone.. *

JOEY
How you gonna catch anybody alone at a dance?... * I don't know if she'll be there alone...She'll probably be there with her girlfriends or something.

JAKE
I don't like all those other clowns around. That's

10 CONTD

JAKE
She ever go with them? Like Salvy?

JOEY
Nah, she don't go with nobody. She's only 15 years old.

JAKE
What does that have to do with it? She don't look 15 to me. I heard somethin' with Salvy. She was with him once or somethin', I think. It was like some blonde. That's the one...

JOEY
Probably. You know she talks to everybody, and not just him.

JAKE
Yeah, she's nice.

JOEY
Ah, some piece of ass, I'm tellin' you.

JAKE
You wasn't with her, were you?

JOEY
Huh?

JAKE
You wasn't with her?

JOEY
With her? How?

JAKE
You know, like bang her or anything?

JOEY
Ah, no, no. I didn't bang her. I know her from around here, that's all. You want to meet her or what?

JAKE
Nah, not now -- all those hard ons around. I'll wait. Not now.

The scene ends on VICKIE as JAKE watches her.

11 INT: JAKE AND IRMA'S APT, LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

JOEY
(to Jake)
I'm tellin' you, she'll be there, I know she'll be there. Dressed up and everything.

JAKE
I don't like all those other clowns around. That's all I know.

11 CONTD

JOEY
C'mon, hurry up. We're never gonna get outa here tonight.

JOEY sips a drink as JAKE knots his tie. IRMA enters from the bedroom.

IRMA
Where you going at this hour?

JAKE
What're you, a cop? I'm goin' out -- business.

IRMA
You fuckin' worm, if you're going out, I'm going out.

JAKE
And where you goin'?

IRMA
None of your fuckin' business.

JOEY lifts his eyes up.

JAKE
Eh, go out. Do what you're gonna do. What do I care?

JOEY opens the door to leave. JAKE follows.

IRMA
That's right -- run out. I ain't gonna be here when you get back.

12 INT: JAKE AND IRMA'S APT. BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

JAKE and JOEY hurry down the stairs. IRMA shouts after them.

IRMA
Bunch of guys. You all hang out together. Yeah, you're all going out on business. You're all gonna suck each other off.

13 INT: JAKE AND IRMA'S BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR - LATE NIGHT

JOEY
What a mouth on her -- you shoulda hit her -- no good fuckin' Jewish
(MORE)

13 CONTD

JOEY (contd)
cunt -- breakin' our balls. You shoulda hit her with a chair.

JAKE
Hey, watch your mouth. Don't talk like that. She's still my wife.

JOEY
No, but Jake ... how much abuse can you take.

JAKE
(interrupting)
How many times do I have to hit her? I hit her enough.

They exit to street.

14 EXT: JAKE AND IMA'S APT. BUILDING - STREET - LATE NIGHT

JOEY and JAKE come out of the building and start walking down the street.

IRMA opens the window on the second floor right above them, and shouts out to them:

IRMA
Go ahead -- that's all you're good for -- to go out and leave me here like a dog. You and your brother! You don't even look like brothers. You look like faggots! That's what you look like -- faggots!

JAKE and JOEY walk faster down the block, pretending that IRMA must be shouting at someone else.

She throws a bottle at them. It smashes in the street. *

15 EXT: WEBSTER HALL - NIGHT, AN HOUR LATER

ESTABLISHING SHOT.

16 INT: WEBSTER HALL - NIGHT

A neighborhood dance is in progress. A small BAND is playing while mainly OLDER COUPLES dance. There are TWO PRIESTS present. The younger people are divided into two groups -- the BOYS, who are dressed in suits and ties, and spend most of their time at the bar area -- and the GIRLS, who are in evening dresses, and spend most of their time dancing together.

16 CONTD

Some of the more popular GIRLS are surrounded by "WISE-GUYS." There are tables near the dance floor with "set ups" (bottles of Scotch, rye, and a bucket of ice) on them. These tables are the "bases of operation" for different neighborhood groups, as if they were street corners.

JAKE and JOEY are walking toward a table. VERA, a young neighborhood girl, blocks their way as she bends over to talk to some GUYS at a table. VERA's well-built, and knows it.

JOEY tries to move one way; VERA again blocks his way. This little game goes on for a few seconds, then:

JOEY
Look, could you move a little. Would you mind, darling?

VERA
Mind what, Mr. Big Shot?

JAKE
(annoyed)
Eh, girlie, take a walk.

JAKE starts to move forward; JOEY stops him.

JOEY
(to Vera)
All right, darling, I'll just stand here and wait.

JOEY cups his hands and grabs VERA's breasts. VERA squeals, covers her breasts, and moves back. JOEY and JAKE walk past her. JOEY smiles.

JOEY and JAKE sit down at an empty table.

JAKE
Do you see her yet? *

JOEY
Give me a chance. Let me look. *

MOVING SHOTS *

JAKE tries to find her -- Camera pans until we find her. JOEY * points out a distant table. He spots VICKIE with a couple of other GIRLS. VICKIE looks beautiful and is obviously having a good time.

16 CONTD

JOEY
THERE she is over there on the other side. What did I tell you? Oh, ain't she nice? Ain't she a fuckin' doll?

As they watch, WE SEE, from JAKE's POV:

SALVY, FRANKIE, and JUNIOR show up at VICKIE's table. They are in overcoats and hats and don't sit down. They are obviously on their way to bigger things than a neighborhood dance -- and VICKIE and her GIRLFRIENDS are glad to go with them. They get up to leave.

JAKE
Be right back.

SALVY, FRANKIE, JUNIOR, VICKIE and the other TWO GIRLS leave the dance hall. JAKE, unseen, follows them to the entranceway, as they go out onto the sidewalk.

17 EXT: WEBSTER HALL - NIGHT

JAKE watches as SALVY ushers everyone into his Cadillac, and then drives off.

JAKE stares after the car for a moment, then goes back inside.

18 EXT: SHOREHAVEN POOL - DAY (1942-43)

JAKE and JOEY get out of their Packard convertible and walk over to the fence surrounding the pool. VICKIE is by the pool.

JOEY
(calling out to Vickie)
Hey, Vickie, c'mere. Don't be afraid. C'mere. Just say hello. This is my brother.

VICKIE comes over to the fence.

JOEY (contd)
Vickie, I want you to meet my brother, Jake. He's gonna be the next champ.

JAKE puts his fingers through the fence.

JAKE
Joey said you wanted to meet me. Is that right? You wanted to meet me?

18 CONTD

VICKIE
(to Joey)
I just wanted to say hello.

JAKE
You wanted to say hello, eh? I can't believe it. When did you fall outa heaven? Anyone ever tell you you're the most beautiful one here, princess of the pool. You got a baby face. Look at mine. Whatcha wanna meet me for?

VICKIE
I don't know. 'Cause you're cute.

JAKE
(to Joey)
Ya hear, Joey? She thinks this face is cute? Hey, whatcha doin' now? You wanna go for a ride?

PAN to car.

VICKIE
Sure. Gimme a few minutes.

She starts to go.

JAKE
Hey...

She turns. JAKE kisses his hand and holds it up to the fence by her lips.

19 EXT: SHORE ROAD - DAY

JAKE drives his Packard convertible down Shore Road VICKIE sits in the passenger seat, her blonde hair blowing in the wind. VICKIE feels JAKE's eyes all over her, and loves it.

On the radio, Bing Crosby sings "Just One More Chance."

20 EXT: MINIATURE GOLF COURSE - DAY

JAKE parks across the street from the new miniature golf course on Shore Road. The Shore Road course is one of the best. The first green features a pink windmill.

20 CONTD

JAKE and VICKIE get out to cross the street.

VICKIE
You don't talk very much.

JAKE
I ain't ever talked to a movie star before.

VICKIE
(giggles)
I ain't no movie star. I'm just in high school.

JAKE
Oh no? I thought you was a movie star.

A bus heads toward them.

VICKIE
Jake! The bus!

JAKE holds up his hand.

JAKE
Any bus gives you trouble, I knock it out for ya.

The bus stops for them as they cross the street.

21 EXT: THE FIRST GREEN - DAY

JAKE sets VICKIE's ball on the tee facing the windmill.

VICKIE
You go first. Let me watch how to do this.

JAKE
You don't get nothin' done by watchin'. You just gotta do it. Here, I'll help you.

JAKE hands VICKIE the putter, then moves behind her and puts her hand on the club.

JAKE (contd)
That's it. Just grip up a little tighter. That's it. You're gonna be real good at this. How does that feel?

21 CONTD

VICKIE
It feels real good.

JAKE
Just keep your eye on the ball.

VICKIE
Should I hit it?

JAKE
Just give it a nice little tap.

VICKIE swings and the ball rolls into the center of the windmill. VICKIE breaks free and follows her ball. JAKE follows.

VICKIE
I can't find my ball.

JAKE
Can you see it?

VICKIE bends and looks under the windmill.

VICKIE
No.

JAKE bends and looks.

VICKIE (contd)
Can you see it?

JAKE
No.

VICKIE
What does that mean?

JAKE takes VICKIE by the arm.

JAKE
It means the game is over.

JAKE throws his putter on the next green.

JAKE (contd)
Let's get outa here.

22 EXT: ARTHUR AVE. APT. BUILDING, BRONX - DAY

JAKE and VICKIE pull up to a tenement.

JAKE dashes around the car to open the door for VICKIE.

22 CONTD

They enter the building.

23 INT: ARTHUR AVE. APT. - DAY

JOSEPH LAMOTTA, SR. is finishing his Sunday dinner with a glass of wine as JAKE and VICKIE enter.

JAKE
Hi Pop. This is my new girl-friend, Vickie. V for victory. How do you like that Pop?

JOE LAMOTTA
V for victory.

VICKIE
(nervous)
It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. LaMotta.

JOE LAMOTTA
(in Italian)
Sit down. Eat something.

JAKE is anxious. VICKIE is scared.

JAKE
C'mon, Pop. You've been in America so many years. Speak English.

JOE LAMOTTA
(joking)
You want me to speak English -- Fuck you. That's English.

JAKE
Pop, don't curse. There's a girl here. I'm gonna show her around the house. Why don't you just finish your wine?

JOE stares at him. JAKE grasps VICKIE's arm firmly.

24 INT: ARTHUR AVE. APT., BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is a few rooms away from the kitchen. JAKE closes the door. (There is a warm light in the bedroom.)

VICKIE
Jake, this is your father's bedroom.

24 CONTD

JAKE
That's all right. He don't mind.

The room is sparsely furnished. On the bureau, there is a large framed photo of the boxing brothers: JAKE and JOEY LAMOTTA. (JOEY wears a suit in the picture.)

JAKE puts VICKIE on the bed and removes his jacket and tie.

VICKIE
Jake ...

JAKE
It's Ok.

He pushes her against the bed and gently undresses her. They make love.

25 INT: OLYMPIA STADIUM, DETROIT (FEB. 5, 1943)

JAKE is fighting SUGAR RAY ROBINSON. (It's their 2nd match.) WE SEE highlights of the fight: JAKE is fighting ferociously, but SUGAR RAY is a formidable opponent. AN ANNOUNCER'S VOICE gives a blow by blow description. JAKE takes a lot of punishment from SUGAR RAY -- until the 8th round. Then, JAKE nails SUGAR RAY with a savage left. JAKE chases SUGAR RAY and pounds him with a left and a right. SUGAR RAY gets in a right cross. They stand toe to toe, fighting. Then, JAKE lands a left to SUGAR RAY's stomach, and knocks him through the ropes. JAKE goes after SUGAR RAY, but the REFEREE stops him. SUGAR RAY gets back into the ring and sinks to one knee, while the REFEREE counts to 9. The bell sounds.

TIME CUT: THE ANNOUNCER calls out that JAKE is the winner. JAKE throws kisses. The CROWD goes wild.

26 INT: GLEASON'S - DAY (1943)

JAKE's press conference.

FIVE REPORTERS meander around the gym, waiting for JAKE to finish sparring. They are not thrilled with their assignment; JAKE is not thrilled with having them there.

The gallery is spotted with the usual BRONX TYPES. The lone exception is VICKIE, dressed very well, very sensual, and quite content to watch JAKE make his SPARRING PARTNERS' lives miserable, despite their head and belly protectors.

26 CONTD

JOEY is off in one of the corners arguing with ONE of the REPORTERS:

JOEY
The fuckin' papers are full of Robinson and nothing on Jake -- and Jake knocked him clear outa the ring in Detroit. He's the only guy ever to beat Robinson. Whatsa matter with you? I thought we had an arrangement.

REPORTER
We do Joey. You know we do.

JOEY
You holding me up for more cash or what?

The bell sounds, ending the sparring round.

REPORTER
I can't print nothing if Jake won't give me nothing.

JOEY walks over to the ring. The REPORTER follows not far behind.

JOEY
C'mon, Jake. You're makin' us look stupid. I brought these guys up here, now you don't wanna talk to them? What are ya doin'? Open your mouth, for Christsake.

JAKE nods his head, steps out of the ring, and goes directly over to the REPORTER, who is about to say: "Hi, Jake."

JAKE
(interrupting)
I'm tellin' you now, when I read this, it better not make me look bad.

REPORTER
Jake, did I ever make you look bad before?

JAKE
Maybe it wasn't you, but you know what I'm talkin' about.

26 CONTD

JOEY
(interrupting)
Don't worry. Don't worry. It's gonna be all right.
(to reporter)
Ask him your questions.

REPORTER
All right, Jake, you're being talked about as the top middle-weight contender. Do you think another victory over Sugar Ray will get you a shot at the title?

JAKE
Why not? There's nobody else around who wants to fight me; they're all afraid. I don't see why I shouldn't have a shot at the title right now.

REPORTER
Well, the word is to get a title shot you have to cooperate with the people who control boxing in New York. And they're saying that you don't cooperate.

JAKE
You guys know more about that than I do. I just fight...

JOEY (interrupting)
He fights the toughest guys around that everybody else is afraid to fight...

JAKE (interrupting)
I'm the only guy ever to beat Sugar Ray, and I still don't have a shot at the title.

REPORTER
You just fought Sugar Ray two weeks ago and you're training like this right now... Are you afraid Sugar Ray might beat you this time?

JAKE
I tell you what. You hit me here.
(points to his right cheek)
Sugar Ray hits me here.
(points to his left cheek)
I can't tell the difference.
I just fight.

JAKE turns to VICKIE, smiles, and prepares for his next SPARRING PARTNER.

27 INT: ARTHUR AVENUE APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY (FEB. 1943)

JAKE, wearing pleated dress slacks, sits on the edge of the bed examining his muscle tone.

He studies his small fists. Squeezes each knuckle. Twists his wrists. Clenches. Unclenches.

VICKIE steps out of the bathroom wearing a nightie and panties.

VICKIE
Are you sure we should be doing this?

JAKE
Come over here.

VICKIE
You said never to touch you before a fight.

JAKE
(lovingly)
If you let me do it, I'll murder you. Come here.

VICKIE
You said I couldn't. You've been good for two weeks ...

JAKE
Come here.

JAKE watches VICKIE approach him. He respects her as he would a shrine; he slowly removes her sheer nightie.

His round hands caress her smooth skin. He glides his bruised knuckles across her shoulders, pride on his face.

She kisses his bruised knuckles sensuously, then his bruised face.

JAKE
Take off my pants.

VICKIE
Jake ...

JAKE
Do what I say.

He touches her breasts as she removes his trousers.

27 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
Now take the rest off.

VICKIE
Jake, you made me promise not to get you excited.

JAKE
Go 'head. Do it.

She pulls off his shorts. VICKIE is now getting excited. She kisses his chest and licks it.

VICKIE
I like the gym smell.

JAKE
Now take your panties off.

She does.

JAKE
Now, touch me ...
(takes her hand)
... here.

VICKIE
Oh, Jake.

She caresses his broad shoulders and runs her hand along his erection.

JAKE's lips are trembling. He quickly turns his back on VICKIE, goes into the bathroom, and gets a full glass of cold water.

VICKIE watches as he puts his erection in the glass of cold water. She is shocked and surprised.

JAKE
I can't do it. I can't fool around. This Robinson, I gotta beat him again. I can't fool around. Don't come near me.

JAKE grabs her again and kisses her. Then, gently but firmly, he turns her around and pushes her out. (It's starting again, and he must stop it.) He goes back into the bathroom and closes the door.

28 INT: OLYMPIC STADIUM, DETROIT (FEB. 26, 1943)

This is JAKE's rematch with SUGAR RAY (their 3rd fight). AN ANNOUNCER's VOICE gives a blow by blow description.

28 CONTD

THE FOURTH ROUND: JAKE is in serious trouble. SUGAR RAY knocks him with a hard right, then a series of rights and lefts. JAKE is punched all the way across the ring, but stays in there.

THE SEVENTH ROUND: JAKE, coming on strong, forces SUGAR RAY into his own corner, then lands a left hook to his chin. SUGAR RAY drops, and takes a nine count. This time, however, the blow does not have a crippling effect on SUGAR RAY; instead, he comes back and outboxes JAKE.

TIME CUT: THE ANNOUNCER calls out the decision: SUGAR RAY is the winner. JAKE is stunned. The CROWD boos so loud and for so long that THE ANNOUNCER is unable to introduce the fighters in the next bout.

29 INT: OLYMPIA STADIUM - DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

JOEY And TONY are in the dressing room. JAKE sits on the table, dejected. His hand is being examined by a DOCTOR. TWO HANGERS-ON are also present.

JOEY
(angry)
They robbed us! Those fuckin' judges -- What the fuck fight were they watching? If I see them on the street, I'll break their heads. Decision Robinson, my fuckin' ass! Those judges give him the decision 'cause he's goin in the army next week! How else could this have happened?...What do you think they gave him the decision for, that's why. *

JAKE
(almost to himself)
Whadda I gotta do, Joey? I knocked him down. What did I do wrong? I don't understand.

JOEY
You won and was robbed! You didn't do nothin' wrong.

JAKE
I dunno. Maybe I don't deserve to win. I've done a lot of bad things. I dunno ...

TONY goes to the door.

JOEY
Fuck that. This was the fight.
(MORE)

29 CONTD

JOEY
This coulda done it. This was our shot. They out and out robbed us. *

MARIO comes back from the door. *

MARIO *
Vickie is here, Jake.

JAKE
I don't wanna see nobody.

JOEY
You want us to wait for you?

JAKE
No, take her home. I wanna be alone for a while. Everybody go.

They exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT: BATHROOM NEAR THE DRESSING ROOM

JAKE, now alone, goes into the bathroom. He looks in the bathroom mirror. After a pause, he touches his newly acquired bruises and bandages. He combs his hair.

We hear the beginning of an early Frank Sinatra song. This song carries over onto the following MONTAGE.

31 MONTAGE

This MONTAGE covers the period between 1943 and early 1947. It shows JAKE hard at work fighting all the tough guys he can. Each of the fights will be introduced by the corresponding title card from the "Big Fights" film showing a boxing glove with the fighters' names and the places of the fights superimposed on it. The actual fight images will be black and white newspaper photos JUMP CUT together to simulate real action. For example: In still #1, JAKE is about to land a punch on an OPPONENT.

CUT TO:

Still #2, and the punch lands, distorting the OPPONENT's face, sweat spraying out everywhere. Live sound effects accompany these stills.

The fight stills are INTERCUT with 16mm black and white

31 CONTD

home movies of JAKE, VICKIE, JOEY, etc. (to be shot in 16mm black and white).

It'll go something like this:

A) JAKE VS FRITZIE ZIVIC at the Detroit Olympia (January 14, 1944)

B) JAKE, VICKIE, and JOEY, wearing sunglasses, pose in front of a Cadillac. (1944)

C) JAKE VS. SUGAR RAY ROBINSON at Madison Square Garden (February 23, 1945)

D) JAKE and VICKIE getting married. (This will be a black and white still photo, posed especially for the occasion.) (1945, New Jersey courthouse)

E) JAKE VS. SUGAR RAY ROBINSON at Comiskey Park, Chicago (September 26, 1945)

F) JAKE and VICKIE on vacation -- very loving. They are dancing, and he allows her to knock him into the pool. Then, JAKE gives VICKIE a present by the poolside. She opens the box and takes out a white garment and turban. She kisses JAKE.

CUT TO:

VICKIE dressed in the outfit. She looks very much like Lana Turner in "The Postman Always Rings Twice." She kisses JAKE. (1946)

G) JAKE VS. JIMMY EDGAR at Detroit (The University of Detroit Stadium) (June 12, 1946)

H) JOEY's marriage. JAKE and VICKIE are there as witnesses. (Could also be a still photo as D was.) (1946)

I) JAKE VS. BOB SATTERFIELD at Wrigley Field, Chicago (September 12, 1946)

J) JAKE and VICKIE in front of their new Pelham Parkway house. It is an affluent, split-level house, an idyllic scene -- stone terrace, freshly cut lawn, etc. JAKE carries VICKIE inside.

CUT TO:

JAKE and VICKIE with their two boys JACK, age 2, and JOEY, age 1 in the backyard of the Pelham

31 CONTD

J) CONTD

Parkway house; they are having a cookout. JOEY and his WIFE and their two children (a BOY and a GIRL about the same ages as JAKE's) are there also. (1947)

K) JAKE VS. TOMMY BELL at Madison Square Garden (March 14, 1947)

32 INT: PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE (1947)

WE SEE an early model, round screen television. Nearby an old radio. On it, Sinatra is finishing the song we heard in the preceding montage.

JAKE enters, and turns down the volume on the radio. WE SEE JAKE's living room; it is late forties modern.

JOEY and VICKIE are seated around the coffee table, which is near the television. There are some remnants of a snack on the table. JAKE's TWO BOYS are playing nearby.

JAKE
(to Joey as he turns down the radio)
I just weighed myself - I'm 161. No more deals like this Janiro bullshit. I didn't tell you to do it in the first place.

JOEY
Jake, you're the one who said you could get down to 155! What did I do, pull it out of the fuckin' hat?

JAKE
(angry)
Well, sometimes you shouldn't listen to me! Now I don't know if I can make it down to 155. I'm having trouble making 160, and without telling me, you sign me for a fight at 155 pounds, and if I don't make 155, I forfeit $15,000! You're supposed to know what you're doin'. You're supposed to be a manager!

JOEY
You want the title shot?

JAKE
Say what you're gonna say.

32 CONTD

JOEY
You want the title shot or not?

JAKE
Say what you gotta say. Don't be a smart ass.

JOEY
(yelling)
This Janiro's an up-and-coming fighter, this kid you gotta knock out. Knockout this fuckin' kid! I'm telling you, this is your step towards getting a shot at the title. Listen to me: I'm telling you. You been killin' yourself for three years. There's nobody left -- they're afraid to fight you. This Janiro's up-and-coming. He don't know. Fuckin' tear him apart, wipe him out! What are you worried about? Your weight? Look, even if you lose they're gonna think you're weak; they're gonna think you're not the fighter you used to be. They'll match you with guys they were afraid to match you with before, and then you'll kill them and you'll get your title shot. And if you beat this kid Janiro, they gotta give you a shot at the title because there's nobody else. Either way you win and you do it on your own -- just like you want it. All right?

VICKIE
Joey's right. Janiro's up-and-coming, he's good looking ...

JAKE
(interrupting)
What do you mean, "good looking?"

VICKIE
Well, he's popular. A lotta people like Janiro. You beat him and it only figures they'll wanna see you get a title shot. But, what do I know? I should keep my mouth shut, I should ...

32 CONTD

JAKE
(interrupting)
Who asked you?

VICKIE
But, Jake, I was just...

JAKE
(interrupting)
Who asked you?

VICKIE
I was just...

JAKE
(interrupting)
Who asked you?

VICKIE, amazed, gets up to leave.

JAKE glares at her.

VICKIE rounds up the kids and takes them into the kitchen. (MOVING SHOT). *

WE SEE VICKIE in the kitchen angrily throwing things around. We clearly see the tension as she cleans up, muttering to herself. *

JAKE
(turns to Joey)
All right, manager. Everybody had their say around here. Now this is what I'm gonna say. I'm gonna get down to 155, and I'm gonna destroy this kid -- get my title shot. And don't ever bet 15 thousand without my sayso again.

JAKE comes into the kitchen. He tries to make up with VICKIE. * She plays hard-to-get. They begin to tease each other.

33 INT: COPACABANA LOUNGE - NIGHT (1947)

A COMEDIAN is in the middle of his act. JAKE, VICKIE, JOEY, and JANET sit at a nearby table. JANET, an attractive blonde, is one of JOEY's girlfriends; the moment you set eyes on her, you know this is not his wife.

The lounge is very crowded. The COMEDIAN interrupts his routine to point out that JAKE LAMOTTA is in the audience, and even tries a little harmless joking at JAKE's expense.

COMEDIAN
Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to point out a special guest we have with us tonight -- The Raging *

(MORE)

33 CONTD

COMEDIAN (contd)
Bull, The Bronx Bull, Mr. Jake LaMotta.

There is applause. JAKE smiles, and gives a hesitant wave.

COMEDIAN (contd)
Stand up, Jake, c'mon. Oh, you are standing. Sorry.
(laughs)
Just kiddin', Jake ...

JAKE waves a fist at the COMEDIAN, good-naturedly playing along with the joke -- even though he hates it.

JAKE
(to Joey)
Look at this abuse I gotta take.

JOEY, VICKIE, and JANET are amused.

JAKE (contd)
(joking)
What's so funny?
(lifting his glass)
Cheers! Post-time. Joey, Vickie, and ...
(to Janet)
What's your name again, darling?

JANET
Janet.

JAKE smiles. They all drink.

SALVY, a little older, but still young-looking, and dressed even better than when we last saw him (flashy rings, etc.), comes over to their table. He walks around like he owns the fucking place. JAKE hates it.

SALVY
Hi, Joey. Jake, how you doin'? Vickie ...

They respond. JAKE is cold towards SALVY.

SALVY goes on his way to COMO's table.

As SALVY walks away, JAKE turns to VICKIE.

JAKE
What're you lookin' at? You lookin' at him?

33 CONTD

VICKIE
No, I'm not. I'm looking at you.

JAKE
Don't tell me "No." I saw you lookin' at him. Why, you like him?

VICKIE
I'm not interested in him.

JAKE
You're not interested in him?

VICKIE
No, I'm not.

JAKE
In other words, you're not interested in him but you'd be interested in somebody else, right?

VICKIE
Jake, c'mon now. Don't start.

JAKE
(turns to Joey, referring to Salvy)
Look at this, all of a sudden everybody's a fuckin' Romeo around here. Did you see the way she was lookin' at him?

JOEY
Nah, she would never...

JAKE
(interrupting)
Didn't you just see her lookin' at him? She told me no, but I don't believe her.

JOEY
(uncomfortable)
C'mon, Jake. You know she's crazy about you.

JAKE gives him a suspicious look. JOEY feels uneasy.

JAKE
I'd just love to catch her. Oooooh, I'd just love to catch her once.

33 CONTD

Drinks arrive at their table.

WAITER
These are from Tommy Como.

JAKE looks up but can't see where COMO is. JOEY gets up.

JOEY
(to Jake)
Excuse me for a minute. Be right back.

JAKE
(sarcastic)
Don't be long. I'm afraid with all these tough guys here.

JOEY goes to COMO's table in the rear of the lounge. JAKE slides over and watches. JOEY shakes hands with COMO. SALVY is there at COMO's table. JOEY comes right back.

JOEY
Jake, come over for a few minutes. Tommy wants to say hello to you. C'mon, just come and say hello.

JAKE doesn't like the idea, but goes along with it anyway.

ANOTHER ANGLE: COMO's table. JAKE comes over.

JAKE
Hi, Tommy. How are you?

TOMMY
Jake, sit down for a minute.

JAKE sits. SALVY smiles and nods to JAKE. JAKE barely nods back.

TOMMY (contd)
(his arm around Jake)
Fuckin' kid! You're the best fuckin' fighter around. Loved what you did to Satterfield. Them "moulan yans" -- forget about it. They're all afraid to fight you.

JAKE
(a little embarrassed)
C'mon, Tommy --

33 CONTD

TOMMY
How you feelin'? Ok? You feelin' good?

JAKE
Never felt better.

TOMMY
Tony Janiro's gotta watch out, eh?

JAKE
He should.

TOMMY
(to Salvy)
This Janiro's a good fighter, pretty good-lookin' kid.

SALVY
Bet on him three times. Always come through for me.

JAKE just stares, holding his anger in.

There is a pause.

TOMMY
How's the weight? Ok?

JAKE
Yeah, the weight's Ok.

Another pause. TOMMY smiles and moves closer to JAKE.

TOMMY
All right, lemme ask you something. Let's say I was a good friend of yours. And I was telling you I was gonna bet a lot of money on you in this Janiro fight. What would you tell me?

JAKE
I'd tell you to bet a bundle.

TOMMY sips his drink.

34 INT: PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

VICKIE is in bed trying to sleep. JAKE comes out of

34 CONTD

the bathroom half-dressed, and sits on the edge of the bed (preoccupied). Silence. *

JAKE
Vickie?...Vickie, you asleep? *

VICKIE
What? *

JAKE
You asleep? *

VICKIE
Yeah. *

JAKE
Huh? *

VICKIE
Yeah, what? *

JAKE
Tell me, you think of anybody else when I'm making love to you?

VICKIE
Nobody. I love you, remember? *

JAKE
Then why'd you say that thing about Tony Janiro? *

VICKIE
What did I say? *

JAKE
That he's got a pretty face. *

VICKIE
I never noticed his face.

JAKE
You sure you're not thinking of him right now? *

VICKIE
Positive. *

JAKE
You're the one who said he was good-looking. *

34 CONTD

JAKE
You think he's good-looking 'cause I know you think he's good-looking. I'll smash his face inside out. I'll make him into dog meat. Nobody's gonna think he's good-looking when I get through with him. So you just go ahead and think about who you want. *

VICKIE freezes.

35 INT: WORTH STREET BASEMENT - DAY

TONY JANIRO, wearing boxer trunks, steps off the scale. Commissioner COL. EDDIE EAGAN, a white-haired, heavy-set man in his mid-forties, calls out the weight.

The basement of the New York Boxing Commission on Worth Street is a sparse room, crowded with REPORTERS, TRAINERS and MANAGERS.

EAGAN
Tony Janiro, 151 lbs. and one-half.

JAKE steps on the scale. Helooks weak and woozy. After the customary adjustments, EAGAN calls out:

EAGAN (contd)
Jake LaMotta, 155 lbs. and one-fourth.

There's a commotion in JAKE's camp. JANIRO smiles.

JAKE
Just a minute.

JAKE, JOEY, and TONY confer.

JAKE gets off the scale and enters the men's room. An OFFICIAL follows him.

36 INT: THE MEN'S ROOM

JAKE forces himself to urinate.

37 INT: WORTH STREET BASEMENT

JAKE comes out of the bathroom, and gets back on the scale.

EAGAN
Ok. This is official.

LAMOTTA stares at JANIRO.

EAGAN (contd)
Lamotta, 155 lbs. on the nose.

JAKE throws JANIRO a kiss.

38 INT: MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

It's the last round and JAKE is pouring it on a beaten and virtually helpless JANIRO.

38 CONTD

The CROWD chants:

CROWD
LaMotta.

HALF THE AUDIENCE is already on its feet. The kill is imminent -- and they love it.

JAKE lands one blow after another. He is relentless.

Several rows back, TOMMY COMO, SALVY and SEVERAL OTHER "MADE" GUYS sit with sober looks on their faces.

JAKE moves in fast, and with a powerful barrage, smashes JANIRO's nose -- plastering it against his left cheek.

The final bell rings. JANIRO, his legs all rubber, staggers back to his corner.

JAKE prances about, kissing his fists and throwing them to the CROWD. JOEY rushes out, throws JAKE's leopard skin robe over him and embraces him. TONY follows. JAKE looks right at COMMO and SALVY.

AN ANNOUNCER steps into the center of the ring:

ANNOUNCER
The winner, by unanimous decision, in ten rounds, Jake LaMotta!

JOEY
I love you.

JAKE, weak from losing the weight and winning the fight, still manages to prance around the ring victoriously.

VICKIE, now near the ring, throws kisses to JAKE.

JAKE
(shouts to Vickie)
This is my night! Listen to them! I'm gonna be champ!

He bends down and gives her a kiss through the ropes.

JAKE (contd)
I'm making everything up to you.

39 INT: COPACABANA - NIGHT (1947)

JOEY is at the bar with a DETROIT PROMOTER and JACKIE CURTIE.

39 CONTD

DETROIT PROMOTER
When we gonna get Jake back in Detroit? Jesus, he really did a job on Janiro. Who you after next, Joey?

JOEY
(evasive)
I dunno. We're working on it. He's training at the camp now.

JACKIE CURTIE
After what I seen, they gotta give him a shot at the title.

JOEY
We're gonna get our shot.

The DETROIT PROMOTER introduces JOEY to JACKIE CURTIE.

DETROIT PROMOTER
Oh Joey, this is Jackie Curtie. He handles a lot of business in South Ohio.

JACKIE CURTIE
I like your brother. Made a lot of money on him.

JOEY
Betcha more than he has.

JACKIE CURTIE
Made a little cabbage on the Tommy Bell fight too. Whatever happened to him?

JOEY
Ain't he dead?

DETROIT PROMOTER
Nah. He's got a job downtown. Runs an elevator in some big building.

JOEY
Yeah?

DETROIT PROMOTER
Went down to see him the other day. I says, "Tommy, take me up to the fifth floor." And you know, he took me right up there.

39 CONTD

JACKIE CURTIE
Yeah, Tommy always was a stand-up guy.

SALVY and PATSY arrive with VERA, SANDY (two neighborhood girls), and VICKIE. They go to a nearby table.

The bar area: JOEY sees this.

DETROIT PROMOTER
Joey, let me get you another drink.

JOEY
(distracted)
Just a minute. Excuse me. I'll be right back.

The table area: JOEY arrives at SALVY's table. VICKIE is nervous. There is a cold exchange of "hellos."

JOEY (contd)
(to Vickie)
C'mere, let me talk to you for a minute.

There is an awkward silence as he grabs VICKIE by the arm and takes her over to the hatcheck area.

JOEY (contd)
What're you doin' with Salvy? You shouldn't be here with him. Jake's away killin' himself. Suppose he found out.

VICKIE
What the hell am I doing wrong? Just because Jake is training, I can't go out? What am I, a goddamn prisoner?

JOEY
No, you're his wife.

VICKIE
I'm not doing anything wrong. I'm just trying to have a good time. Do I have to be cooped up in the house all the time?

JOEY
It don't look right.

39 CONTD

VICKIE
Well, go ahead, tell Jake. He's gonna kill me anyway. It's a matter of time.

JOEY
I'm not gonna tell him nothing; but if he finds out, he will kill you. What's the matter with you? Aren't you happy? You got everything you want.

VICKIE
You don't sleep with him. I do. I don't get to breathe without tellin' him. He keeps me in a cage. If he thinks I'm lookin' at somebody the wrong way, I get used as a punching bag. He don't trust nobody. If he saw the two of us talking together right now, you'd be in trouble too -- believe me. Look at me, Joey. I'm 19 years old. I wanna enjoy my life. I love Jake, but you don't know. He gets crazy sometimes. I'm scared.

JOEY
Try to understand, Vickie. Jake's got a lotta aggravation. He's been a top contender too long.

VICKIE
That's right, take his part. You're his brother. He's never gonna be champ. Too many people are against him.

JOEY
And you're drinking with them right now.

VICKIE
And I'm gonna finish my drink. And, I'm gonna have a good time, because I ain't doing nothing wrong.

She starts to go back to the table.

JOEY
(grabbing her)
You're wrong to be here. Let's go.

39 CONTD

VICKIE pulls away from JOEY, and goes back to the table.

The table area: JOEY arrives at the table. He grabs VICKIE.

JOEY (contd)
I said, let's go.

SALVY
Joey, relax. You're taking this the wrong way. Why don't you sit down and have a drink?

JOEY
Excuse me, I'm talking to my sister-in-law.

SALVY
Excuse me for living.

JOEY
What do you think, I'm blind? My brother's breaking his ass in a ring, and you're here with his wife.

SALVY
Hey Joey, I'm here with Patsy and Vera and Sandy. And Vickie just happened to come along. We're just trying to have a good time. What do you want from me? So, why don't you just take it easy before this gets out of hand.

As the conversation gets louder, PEOPLE begin to notice. PAUL, the owner (a tough-looking, well-dressed guy), and some BOUNCERS also become aware of the argument.

JOEY
Get the fuck outa here. What did you do, take your gangster pills today? I'll tear your fuckin' head off your shoulders!

JOEY goes for SALVY. PEOPLE react.

The GIRLS begin to scream. VICKIE exits. JOEY notices her leave, and calls after her.

JOEY (contd)
Hey, wait --

39 CONTD

PAUL comes over and stops the fight.

PAUL
Ain't you forgettin' something? Ain't there never supposed to be no trouble in this joint?

SALVY and JOEY give each other looks. JOEY goes out after VICKIE.

40 EXT: COPACABANA - NIGHT

JOEY looks up the street for VICKIE. She is gone.

SALVY and PATSY come out of the entrance.

SALVY
Hey Joey, whadda ya lookin' to die young?

JOEY
(as he turns and lashes into Salvy and Patsy)
I'll suck your eyes out! I'll fuckin' take the two of you.

After a few moments, PAUL and the BOUNCERS from the Copa come out. The BOUNCERS pull PATSY away. They try to separate SALVY and JOEY, but can't.

JOEY savagely beats SALVY on the Copa steps and in the street against the parked cars.

JOEY (contd)
Fuckin' low-life, cocksucker, etc. ...

SALVY tries to fight back, but JOEY is too tough for him. SALVY hits the pavement. JOEY kicks him.

PAUL, PATSY, and the BOUNCERS finally pull JOEY away. PATSY tries to go after JOEY again, but PAUL stops him.

PATSY
(to Paul)
Don't fuckin' put your hands on me! You're gonna hear about this, Paul.

PAUL
(to Patsy)
Get the fuck outa here. Don't
(MORE)

40 CONTD

PAUL (contd)
come in my place and start fuckin' trouble -- I don't care who you are!
(to Joey)
Get outa here. Go on.

JOEY looks back at him, and then walks away.

41 INT: THE BACK ROOM OF THE DEBONAIR SOCIAL CLUB

The room is furnished with a few round tables and some chairs; it is somewhat reminiscent of an old-fashioned candy store.

TOMMY COMO, SALVY, PATSY and JOEY are present. SALVY's face is bruised from the beating JOEY gave him.

COMO
All right, I don't have to hear any more. I think I understand what happened. I understand it was your brother's wife and there was probably a misunderstanding. I'm not sayin' Salvy shouldn't have acted the way he did. But, Joey, you don't raise your hands. You don't do that kind of thing. This time we forget about it but no more after this. You understand?

JOEY
Yeah, I understand, Tommy.

COMO
All right, you guys, shake hands.

SALVY, JOEY, and PATSY shake hands.

COMO (contd)
Go 'head. Be friends. That's it.
(to Salvy and Patsy)
All right, lemme be alone with him for a minute.

SALVY and PATSY exit.

There is a pause.

COMO
Aside from everything else, your family all right?

41 CONTD

JOEY
Yeah, they're good. They're good, Tommy.

COMO
What is it with you? Can't you talk? You got like a funny attitude. I can't figure you out, Joey. What's with you and the quick answers? You wanna get outa here fast?

JOEY
Aw, Tommy, c'mon, it ain't that.

COMO
Look Joey, I wanna tell you something. Your brother ain't gonna get nowhere without us -- nowhere. And I'm tellin' you between the two of us, it's gettin' to the point where it's gettin' to be a real embarrassment to me, a real embarrassment.

JOEY
How can he embarrass <u>you</u>?

COMO
He's an embarrassment because Frankie and the other guys are expectin' me to do something about it, and I'm lookin' very bad. I can't deliver a kid from my own neighborhood. Why's he make it so hard on himself? He comes to me, I can make it easier for him.

JOEY
Tommy, Jake respects you. He won't even say hello to anybody else -- you know that. But you know when Jake gets set on somethin', Jesus Christ Almighty could get off the fuckin' cross and he ain't gonna talk him out of it. I'm his kid brother. I got no say with Jake on this. He thinks he can buck everybody and make it on his own.

41 CONTD

COMO
Make it on his own? Does he know the kind of money involved? I mean the real money. He thinks he's gonna become champ on his own? We're gonna sit by and see some nut come in there and hold one of the most important titles in the world? A nut who don't listen to nobody or respect nobody? Is he really crazy? Listen, Joey, you understand, you tell him. I don't care how great he is or how colorful. He could beat all the Sugar Ray Robinsons and all the Janiros he wants to. He ain't gonna get a shot at the title without us. I'm not askin' you to do another thing except get that message into that thick head!

42 EXT: SHOREHAVEN POOL - DAY

Another day. JOEY, fully clothed, opens the gate and looks around.

JAKE is sitting alone near the deep end. JOEY walks over to him.

JOEY
Whatcha doin'?

JAKE
I remember the first time I met Vickie ... I know there's somethin' up. I know she's doin' somethin', but I can't catch her ...

JOEY
Maybe she's afraid you're gonna hit her so she can't talk to you the way she wants to.

JAKE
What do you mean?

JOEY
Try talkin' to her. She's your wife -- ask her what's the matter.

JAKE
When I'm away, did you ever notice
(MORE)

42 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
anythin' funny with her? Tell me the truth.

JOEY
Jack, if there was anything funny, I would tell you.

JAKE
I want you to keep an eye on her when I'm not here. Understand?

JOEY
Sure, I'll keep an eye on her.

JAKE
What did Tommy say?

JOEY
I got good news, and I got bad news. The good news is you got your shot at the title. The bad news is ...

JAKE
(interrupting, resigned)
Yeah, I know.

43 INT: WORTH STREET BASEMENT - DAY

As BILLY FOX steps off the scales, EDDIE EAGAN calls out:

EAGAN
Billy Fox, 173 3/4 pounds.

JOEY removes JAKE's leopard-skin robe as he steps on the scale. The REPORTERS crowd around.

EAGAN (contd)
Jake LaMotta, 167 pounds.

JAKE'S HANDLERS urge him with words of encouragement as they walk toward his dressing room.

44 INT: JAKE'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

EAGAN walks over.

JOEY
What's up, Colonel?

44 CONTD

EAGAN
I'd like to talk to Jake a minute.

JOEY
Sure.

EAGAN
I suppose you heard what every-body's been saying, Jake.

JAKE
What who's been sayin'?

EAGAN
You were a big favorite in this fight. Then two days ago the odds start jumping all over the place until you're a 12-5 underdog.

JAKE
I don't follow no gamblin' Commissioner. I'm just a fighter.

EAGAN
Now the fight's off the books altogether. Meyer Lansky couldn't get a bet down on this fight. Some people are saying you're going into the tank.

JAKE
Believe what you want.

EAGAN
I want to believe you, LaMotta.

JAKE
I'm gonna kill him. That fuckin' jig's gonna wish he never came outa the jungle. You got any money?

EAGAN
What?

JAKE
You got any money you want to bet on Billy Fox, you can put it right here ...
(extends his hand)
'cause Jake LaMotta don't go down for nobody.

44 CONTD

EAGAN taps JAKE on the shoulder.

EAGAN
That's all I wanted to hear.

JAKE glares at EAGAN as the COMMISSIONER walks away.

45 INT: MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT (NOV. 14, 1947)

The old Garden is packed. The EX-CHAMPS, the PRESS, the OFFICIALS, the MOB GUYS, the FANS -- they're all here.

The FIGHTERS are announced. BILLY FOX and JAKE touch gloves and return to their corners.

FOX is taller and has a longer reach than JAKE.

The bell sounds and the FIGHTERS come out. FOX goes to the head; JAKE goes to the body.

FOX lands a solid blow to JAKE's jaw, but LAMOTTA is unfazed. FOX is surprised. In the past, his opponents have gone down when he connected.

In the audience, COMO, SALVY, and some other BOYS watch with interest.

JAKE moves in with a rapid series of trademark body blows. All of a sudden, FOX is wobbly. JAKE goes for the head, then cuts his punch short. FOX is about to go down.

JAKE throws his arms around FOX to make sure he doesn't fall.

JAKE
(to Fox)
Stand up! What the fuck are you doin'?

The REFEREE breaks them apart and FOX remounts his attack. JAKE bicycles into a corner and lets FOX work him over.

FOX connects: once, twice, three times. JAKE barely defends himself -- but he doesn't go down either.

The CROWD starts to smell a fix. There are calls from the AUDIENCE.

CROWD
Got your swimming trunks on, Jake?
(MORE)

45 CONTD

CROWD (contd)
I hope they're paying you enough.
Fake, fake.

TIME CUT:

JAKE's corner. JAKE is acting stunned. TONY, not aware of what's going on, is slapping JAKE.

TONY
What's the matter with you?
What's the matter with you?

TIME CUT:

The sign reads "Round Four." JAKE is in the center of the ring taking a relentless pasting from FOX. JAKE's arms hang at waist level. FOX lands one blow after another. The stink of a fix permeates the arena.

JAKE is furious that FOX can't deck him. He curses through his mouthpiece (as he absorbs blow after blow):

JAKE
Hit me! Hit me! What's the matter with you, you mother-fucker? Hit me!

Boos and catcalls echo through the Garden. This is not even a fight. The REFEREE, realizing this, steps in between FOX and LAMOTTA, waves his arms and signals that FOX is the winner by a technical knockout.

As he does, JAKE spits his mouthpiece in disgust at FOX and struts back to his corner.

JAKE, JOEY, and TONY are already on their way out of the arena as the REFEREE declares FOX the winner.

COMO and the OTHERS, satisfied, get up to leave.

46 INT: JAKE'S DRESSING ROOM, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

As a REPORTER and a PHOTOGRAPHER come through the door, WE SEE and hear a commotion in the hall behind them. They rush in, look, and stop by the door. There is silence -- except for JAKE's uncontrollable sobbing. The atmosphere is like that of a funeral.

JAKE is seated behind the rubbing table. He is still in his leopard-skin robe. His head hangs low as he sobs.

The PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a picture. The HANDLER motions

46 CONTD

to him to stop, and then goes and sits near the door. The REPORTER still stands near the doorway, seeming quite stunned by the scene he is witnessing, but nevertheless continuing to scribble away on his pad.

JOEY, standing near JAKE, has his back to everyone; his shoulders are shaking, his lips are tightly drawn. He cries soundlessly. TONY is pacing nearby.

TONY
Don't fight anymore!
(pause)
It's a free country, don't fight anymore!

JAKE
(between sobs)
Why did they have to stop it?
Why did they have to stop it?

The REPORTER leans over to the HANDLER and whispers.

REPORTER
What happened?

HANDLER
(quietly)
He must've been really hurt in the 2nd. He didn't answer me when I tried to tell him something in the corner.

JAKE, still buried in his robe, becomes aware of the hum of voices and shouts out:

JAKE
Get everyone out of here!

The REPORTER and the PHOTOGRAPHER leave. JAKE continues to sob.

47 INT: PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

INSERT: CLOSE UP of a Daily News Headline from November 22, 1947: "Board Suspends LaMotta."

JAKE, dejected, sits on the couch. In front of him, on the coffee table are scattered several newspapers -- including the one with the headline we have just seen.

JOEY paces in front of JAKE.

47 CONTD

JOEY
(yelling)
It woulda been so easy, Jack. So easy ...

JOEY goes into a boxing stance.

JOEY (contd)
Stick out your hands, Jake.

JAKE
C'mon, Joey.

JOEY
G'wan, do it.
(jabs at him)
Protect yourself, rummy.

JAKE, out of reflex, sticks out his hands. As he does, JOEY feigns a hit and falls onto the floor -- "out cold." JAKE looks down at him.

JOEY pops to his feet.

JOEY (contd)
See? That's all there was to it.

JAKE
What the fuck they want? I took the dive. They want me to fall down too? I don't fall down for nobody. I never went down in my life. Joey, what do I gotta do? Crawl on my hands and knees? I made an asshole of myself in the fuckin' Garden! All the newspaper writers make fun of me. I'm the bum of the year. All I want is a shot. Just a fuckin' shot. What do I gotta do? I'll do anything.

JOEY
Except fall down like a normal person.

JAKE
Yeah, except fall down. That's right.

JOEY
All right, you don't wanna fall down, so now you gotta take a rest.
(MORE)

47 CONTD

JOEY (contd)
So, you enjoy the suspension. 'Cause there's nothin' you can do about it. Let the Commissioner and the D.A. jerk you around. So you wait.

JAKE
Jesus Christ! Seven months! Whatam I gonna do for seven months? I'm gonna go crazy. How do I keep my strength? By that time I'll be took weak to win the title. And my weight? Forget about it -- I'm gonna blow up like a balloon. I ain't never gonna hold my weight down. Seven months! I don't know ...

JOEY
We did what we had to do. Tommy don't forget. Sooner or later you'll get your shot -- if Tommy don't die.

48 EXT: BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL, DETROIT - DAY (1949)

It's raining outside the stately Book-Cadillac.

A banner above the door proclaims.

The Book-Cadillac Welcomes
Marcel Cerdan
Middleweight Champion of the World
and the Challenger
Jake LaMotta

49 INT: BOOK-CADILLAC LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is chaotic: FIGHT PEOPLE and SPORTSWRITERS mill anxiously about. Something's in the air.

The BELL CAPTAIN pages:

BELL CAPTAIN
Mr. Williams.

MR. WILLIAMS, THE DETROIT PROMOTER last seen in the Copacabana Lounge, answers the page.

WILLIAMS listens on the phone a moment, then hands it back to the BELL CAPTAIN and announces:

49 CONTD

DETROIT PROMOTER
It's official. The fight's been postponed twenty-four hours.

A groan goes up from the lobby.

50 INT: LAMOTTA'S SUITE - DAY

JAKE's suite is modestly decorated and consists of a living room and two bedrooms.

DR. PINTO is there sewing up a pork chop.

JAKE, shadow-boxing in sportswear, paces back and forth.

TONY watches him. VICKIE sits quietly on the sofa, sipping some wine.

JOEY is on the phone.

JOEY
That's right. "No comment."
(listens)
You like that? Good, 'cause I got a lot more "No comments" where that one came from.

JOEY cuts the line off, then leaves the receiver off the hook.

JOEY (contd)
I'm gonna order up some stuff. Have a steak.

JAKE
I can't eat a steak. If I eat a steak, I'm gonna have trouble making the weigh-in.

JOEY
So eat just a little. You gotta eat something.

JAKE
What am I gonna do for 24 hours? I can't even eat!

JAKE goes into the bedroom.

JOEY goes over to the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR
(shows him the pork chop)
How's that?

50 CONTD

JOEY
How long did it take you?

DOCTOR
45 seconds.

JOEY
No good. Try to get it down. It's gotta be no more than 30 seconds to be on the safe side if we gotta stitch him up.

51 INT: THE BEDROOM

JAKE is alone. There is a knock at the door. JOEY opens it and pokes his head in.

JOEY
Jake, somebody wants to say hello to you.

JOEY opens the door wider. TOMMY COMO is at the door with JOEY. JAKE goes over to the door.

COMO
Hey champ!

JAKE
Tommy, thanks for coming over.

COMO
You just take it easy, now. You'll do all right. Feelin' Ok?

JAKE
I'm Ok.

COMO
Just come by to wish you luck.
(shakes his hand)
Need anything?

JAKE
No, we're all right. Thanks anyway, Tommy.

COMO
Ok, champ.

COMO turns to go. He says goodbye to everyone in the living room. He goes over and kisses VICKIE. JAKE watches this from the bedroom doorway.

51 CONTD

COMO (contd)
(as he kisses Vickie)
Look at her. As beautiful as always. Take care of that guy, will ya?

VICKIE
(going to the door with him)
I'll take care of him. Thanks, Tommy. Bye.

JAKE
(to Vickie)
C'mere.

She goes to the bedroom doorway. JAKE grabs her arm, pulls her in, and slams the door.

JAKE (contd)
(pushing her toward the bed area)
Hey, you don't say goodbye to him like that.

VICKIE
What did I do?

JAKE
(pushing her)
You don't kiss like that. Hello and goodbye, that's all you do.

VICKIE
All I did ...

JAKE
(interrupting)
You know what I'm talking about. Don't ever make me look bad on the night of my big fight.

VICKIE
You're hurting my arm.

JAKE has her by the night table now. They are edging their way to the wall.

JAKE
Shut up. You just say hello and goodbye to him. You don't kiss him the way you did. That's out of line.

51 CONTD

JAKE pushes her against the wall. The lamp falls. There is a loud crash. She tries to move away. He grabs her by the throat and pins her against the wall. She's gagging.

VICKIE
But Jake ... I didn't say anything ...

JAKE
Don't ever do that again. You don't
(he pushes her against the wall)
do it!

VICKIE
(gagging)
Jake ...

JOEY looks in and then starts to come over.

JAKE
You hear what I said? You don't do it.

He pushes her again. VICKIE tries to get away, but can't move.

JAKE (contd)
(pushing her again)
You don't do it.

JOEY has his hand on JAKE's arm, trying to pry it away from VICKIE's throat.

JOEY
Jake, Jake ...

TONY and the DOCTOR watch from the doorway.

VICKIE's eyes close. JAKE releases his grip. JOEY helps VICKIE. JAKE watches this.

JAKE
(to himself)
She ain't gonna ruin this fight for me.

52 EXT: BRIGGS STADIUM - NIGHT (JUNE 16, 1949)

Bright floodlights illuminate the arena. The weather's clear and the stadium is filled with cheering fight FANS.

52 CONTINUED

An ANNOUNCER steps into the center of the ring and begins to introduce the many CELEBRITIES that have gathered for the fight.

ANNOUNCER
And here is the young man who has inherited Marcel Cerdan's European championship - Laurent Dauthuille.

DAUTHUILLE jumps into the ring.

While WE HEAR him introduce the boxers and celebrities, WE SEE a rapid MONTAGE: JAKE preparing for the title bout:

53 PRE-FIGHT MONTAGE

A) JAKE and GROUP arrive in dressing room *

B) In his bathrobe, JAKE puts on his boxing shoes *

C) We see a pan with a raw steak in it. JOEY drains the blood (juice) into a glass and JAKE takes a long, slow swallow *

D) REPRISE of IMAGES from PREVIOUS SCENE (SLOW MOTION) - NEW ANGLE *

TOMMY COMO shakes JAKE's hand in the bedroom doorway. VICKIE kisses COMO. Jake watches.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Now I'd like to asks America's most decorated war hero to stand up and take a bow from the audience. It's a real privilege to have him here tonight. He'll soon be starring in his next motion picture, "Bad Boy"--Lieutenant Audie Murphy!

E) JAKE soaks his hands in hot water *

F) JAKE lies down and JOEY starts to massage him *

G) REPRISE OF IMAGES from PREVIOUS SCENE (SLOW MOTION) - NEW ANGLE *

JOEY shakes hands with COMO as he leaves the hotel room. JAKE watches. JOEY smiles at Como as Como kisses VICKIE. Jake watches.

53 CONTINUED

G) Cont'd.

ANNOUNCER (V.O. Cont'd.)
And our very special guest tonight needs no introduction. The only man to defend the heavyweight crown a remarkable twenty-five times, the king of all heavyweights, the Brown Bomber, Joe Louis. Come into the ring, Joe.

JOE LOUIS (V.O.)
Thank you, Johnny. Let's bring the middleweight crown back to the old U.S.A. where it belongs.

Many cheers.

H) DR. PINTO injects a hypodermic needle filled with novocaine into each of JAKE's fists. *

I) JOEY massages JAKE's neck. *

J) JAKE's hands are bandaged *

K) REPRISE of IMAGES from PREVIOUS SCENE (SLOW MOTION) -- NEW ANGLE *

JAKE strangles VICKIE in the bedroom, then releases her.

JOEY looks after her, but the IMAGE makes them look as if they're making love. Jake watches.

ANNOUNCER (V.O. Cont'd.)
And in this corner, the middleweight champion of the world, from Casablanca, Morocco, the Casabalnca Clouter, Marcel Cerdan!

L) JAKE puts on his cup and trunks *

M) MARIO laces up JAKE's gloves *

N) JAKE, ready to fight, a towel draped around his head, bounces on the balls of his feet. He starts walking down the corridor from his dressing room, surrounded by MARIO, JOEY, DR. PINTO and his HANDLERS. He enters the stadium. *

54 INT. BRIGGS STADIUM - NIGHT *

JAKE, wearing his leopard-skin robe, is pushes through the CROWD by JOEY, MARIO and his HANDLERS. He's still shadow-boxing.

54 CONTD

JAKE steps into the ring to both cheers and boos (many still remember the Fox fight). JAKE raises his gloves.

ANNOUNCER
And in the opposite corner, from New York, New York, the challenger, the Bronx Bull, Jake LaMotta!

JAKE shakes hands with the assembled CELEBRITIES and EX-CHAMPIONS.

JAKE
I only wish it was you, Joe.

JOE LOUIS
Win the belt back for us, Jake. Good luck.

JAKE glances at VICKIE who is sitting in the third row. She is nervous.

TIME CUT:

The opening bell sounds. CERDAN and LAMOTTA touch gloves and begin to fight.

JAKE is hot: there's no stopping him tonight. He fights like a man possessed.

CERDAN clinches JAKE to avoid his brutal body blows. JAKE pushes him out of the clinch in disgust.

There are no more boos. JAKE has won over the crowd.

TIME CUT:

END OF ROUND NINE. JAKE is working over a bloody CERDAN. Punches to the body, then to the head, then back to the body. The bell sounds.

JAKE walks back to his corner and sits down. JOEY is ecstatic:

JOEY
Look at him, Jackie! You got it! The fuckin' championship! He's yours! Finish him off.

JAKE doesn't have the chance. The REFEREE, standing in CERDAN's corner, waves his hands signaling the end of the fight.

54 CONTD

The REFEREE holds up JAKE's hands as THE ANNOUNCER takes the mike:

ANNOUNCER
The new middleweight champion of the world by a knockout after nine rounds, the Bronx Bull, Jake LaMotta!

JOEY is all over him. TONY helps VICKIE through the MOB.

In his corner, CERDAN holds his head in his hands and says, "My title, my title!"

The OFFICIALS clear a circle as they bring over the jewel-studded championship belt. JOE LOUIS fastens the belt around JAKE's waist.

JAKE touches the oversized belt with his bloody gloves. Tears fall across JAKE's huge grin as he holds his hands high in the air. It is the most glorious night in his life.

55 EXT: "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - NIGHT (1956)

The name "Jake LaMotta's Lounge" is emblazoned in neon across a lounge/liquor store on Collins Avenue, Miami's main drag. JAKE's bar is across from The Rooney Plaza, one of Miami's more prestigious hotels.

Fifties cars are parked outside the club.

56 INT: "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - NIGHT

JAKE LAMOTTA, 34 years old, wearing a tux, steps in front of a large painted wall mural of the Cerdan fight as he enters his club.

The lounge is dominated by a large circular bar. Featured entertainers perform on a raised platform in the center of the bar.

The club is half filled with SPORTS, ENTERTAINMENT and MOB TYPES.

The small BAND plays a routine fanfare as JAKE steps onto the platform. He takes the mike with one hand and silences the BAND with the other. The applause dies out as he speaks:

JAKE
Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.
(MORE)

JAKE (contd)
It's a thrill to be standin' here talking to you wonderful people. In fact, it's a thrill to be standin'. I haven't seen so many people since my last fight at Madison Square Garden. After that fight a reporter asked me, "Jake, where do you go from here?" I said, "To a hospital."

About HALF THE PATRONS are listening; of them, HALF are laughing, SOME a little too loud.

JAKE (contd)
I fought one hundred and six professional fights and none of them bums figured out how to fight me --- they kept hitting me in the head!
(calls to the bar)
Will somebody at the bar --- Linda? --- get me a drink.
I figure if I'm gonna work to drunks I might as well be one of 'em.

I like this place. It's a family type club...every night I see a lot of fathers sitting out there with their young daughters! That's nice.

LINDA hands him a drink.

JAKE (contd)
Thanks, honey.---She's terrific. The kinda girl you wanta take home to meet your father. Especially if your old man's a degenerate! --- Here's a toast! "To your health! You only live once. But if you play it right, once is enough."
I shouldn't be drinkin' like this 'cause I'm tryin' to lose weight. I'm on this terrific diet---I'm allowed to eat anything I want. As long as I don't swallow it! Well, I never had much luck with my weight. In fact,---I never had much luck with anything----until about a few years ago, when this happened ---

(He indicates the blow-up behind him and waits for applause, of which there is some)

JAKE (contd)
...thanks, I'm glad to see you remember.
For those of you that don't...that's me takin' the title from Cerdan.
You know, the tough thing about winnin' the title...the next thing you gotta do is have a rematch....just to show it wasn't no fluke.
So what happens?
Marcel Cerdan, a really great champ, after I beat him....he gets himself killed in that airplane crash....a pretty rotten break for him.
That's why I don't like to fly. People say to me, "Look, Jake, when your time is up, your time is up."
And I say, "Yeah, but suppose i'm on the plane and the pilot's time is up?"!
As good as Cerdan was, I could've taken him again. But I never got the chance to prove it wasn't no fluke.
He got killed but he got to be what they call a legend. I don't know what's worse --- bein' a fluke or bein' a legend. --- That's the kinda luck I got.
That's why I quit the ring and moved down here from New York. My wife said, "You gotta get outa this town, Jake."
Come to think of it,...the boxing commission said the same thing!
But I don't miss New York.
Give me Miami any day.

(The AUDIENCE applauds.)

Miami's a great place. I get along with everybody in this town...even the police force....They got the best cops here money can buy!
---Only kiddin'.
By the way....me and my wife Vickie's gettin' ready to celibrate our eleventh wedding anniversary.

(More applause)

We get along real great. We fight a little but I never really belted her on purpose. Once in a while I'm standin' there doin' a little shadow-boxin' and she happens to walk right into the shadow...I can't help that.
She says, "Whataya hittin' me for?" I says, "It's nothin'. It's only a love tap." She says, "It's a good thing you're not crazy about me!" ----I am crazy about her.

JAKE (contd)
I heard her talkin' to a friend on the phone and she was sayin', "After eleven years, I'm still in love with the same guy." --- If I ever find out who the bum is, I'll kill him!
Women. You can't live with 'em, you can't live without 'em.

PARANOIA
JOKE:

(Then, suddenly, falling into character...he quotes Iago's speech in Othello)

"Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy.
It is the green-eyed monster
Which doth mock the meat it feeds on.
That cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not
his woronger;
But O, what damned minutes tells he
o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts---suspects,
yet fondly loves!"
----That's from somethin' called "Othello"--

OR,
ALTERNATE SPEECH:

Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? Is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? Stopping the
career
Of laughter with a sign? -A note infallible
Of breaking honesty --horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? Wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? Noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web but theirs,
theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that's in't
is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Behemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these

JAKE (contd)
nothings,
If this be nothing."
----That's from something called "The Winter's Tale"-----
Shakespeare! You all remember Shakespeare. He wrote all them famous plays one after the other, then he went into a big slump and he ain't done anything good in years. That speech is about jealousy----jealousy's a bad thing.
Jealousy bothers a lot of guys...take me...I almost killed my brother...I love him...he's my family....I mean, there's nothin' he wouln't do for me. And that's the way we been goin' thru life ---doin' nothin' for each other!
Anytime he got in trouble when we was kids, I got him out of it. You know, he used to steal little things when we was growin' up. But he was particular...only stole things that begin with an 'a'---a watch, a car, a suit, a ring...
But I was wrong...
I shoulda never hit my brother. Afterwards I was sorry. Now everytime I need somethin' I gotta go shoppin' for it!
A psychiatrist once told me, "When you hit your brother you're really hittin' your mother, but you can't admit it to yourself." He's really crazy.
I woulda never hit my mother. I mean, only in self-defense!

57 INT: JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (1950)

JAKE is struggling with his later model ten-inch RCA TV. He fools with the dials, then slaps the side. The bluish video image comes and goes. JOEY watches JAKE fix the TV.

JAKE has a half-eaten sandwich in his hand.

57 CONTD

VICKIE enters the house, surprised to find JAKE home.

VICKIE
Jake, you're home.

JAKE looks up at her. (She goes over to him and kisses him.) MOVING SHOT. *

JOEY gives VICKIE a polite peck on the mouth. MOVING SHOT.

JOEY
Hi, Vickie.

JAKE watches JOEY kiss VICKIE. VICKIE notices JAKE'S reaction.

VICKIE
What's the matter with you?

JAKE
Tryin' to get this fuckin' TV to work. Paid all this money for it and still can't get a station a mile away. And Mr. Wizard here ain't no help.

JOEY
Screw you, Jack.

JAKE
(to Vickie) *
Where you been?

VICKIE goes into the bedroom to take off her coat. On the stairs, * MOVING SHOT:

VICKIE *
I went out.

JAKE
(to Joey)
What's that kissing on the mouth shit?

JOEY
What? I just said hello. Since when I can't kiss my sister-in-law?

JAKE
Ain't a cheek ever good enough for you? I never even kissed Mama on the mouth.

JOEY
Well, you're not supposed to kiss your mother on the mouth.

57 CONTD

JAKE
Well, that's what I mean.

JAKE leans over the TV.

JAKE
How's that?

JOEY
I can't tell. You're stomach's in the way.

JAKE stares at JOEY.

JOEY
Don't give me those looks. I'm just your manager. The minute you start to be champ, you start eating like there's no tomorrow. And you giving me looks. All I know is that I don't have to defend my title next month.

JAKE looks up at JOEY.

JAKE
Answer me somethin'. What happened at the Copa with Salvy when I was out of town?

JOEY
When?

JAKE
You know, when you gave him a beatin'.

JOEY
(being as vague as possible)
Nothin'. Salvy was out of line. He was drunk or somethin', I dunno. Anyway, the windup was I gave him a beatin'. Tommy called me down, and we straightened it out. It's all forgotten about.

JAKE
Why didn't you tell me about it?

JOEY
It didn't have nothin' to do with you.

57 CONTD

JAKE
Didn't it have nothin' to do with me? *

JOEY
No, I just told you what happened.

JAKE
(he obviously knows)
Who did it have anything to do with... *
Vickie?

JOEY
Jack, no. I just explained the whole thing *
to you. It was just between me and Salvy,
if it had anything to do with you and
Vickie, I woulda told you about it.

JAKE
Well, I heard some things.

MOVING in on JOEY, JAKE'S P.O.V. *

JOEY
"You heard some things." Will you *
stop worryin' about that shit?
Forget about it. You know you got
a title fight comin' up.

PAUSE. *

JOEY
(refering to the TV) *
Whatever you touched, that's good now.

JAKE
Did Salvy fuck Vickie?

JOEY
What?

JAKE
You're supposed to keep an eye on
her for me. I'm askin'...

JOEY
(interrupting)
I did keep an eye ...

JAKE
Then why did you give him a beatin'
if he didn't do anything? You and
him been friends a long time.

57 CONTD

JOEY
Some things changed between us. Now, he thinks who the fuck he is. He's been passing certain remarks that I don't like.

JAKE
(interrupting)
Don't bullshit me, Joey. You ain't tellin' me the truth.

JOEY
What bullshit? Hey, I'm your brother. You wanna believe me - you trust me?

JAKE
When it comes to her, I don't trust nobody. I'm askin' you somethin'.

JOEY
Well, you're wrong Jack. I'm tellin' you what happened. He got outta line, we had a fight, and it's straightened out now.

There is a pause. (Move in on JOEY, JAKE'S P.O.V.)

JAKE
(suspicious)
You givin' me that look. I gotta accept your word, but if I find out anythin', I'm gonna kill somebody...

JOEY
(yelling)
So, go ahead. Kill everybody. Kill Salvy, kill Vickie, kill Tommy Como, kill me while you're at it. What do I care? You're killing yourself the way you're eating, the way you worry about things - you don't have to worry about.

JAKE
(interrupting)
What do you mean, "you"?

JOEY
What?

JAKE
(interrupting, catching Joey)
What do you mean, "you"?

57 CONTD

JOEY
(caught)
I meant, kill everybody. You or me or anybody. You're a big shot. Kill, kill, ... g'head.

JAKE
But you said "you."

JOEY
So what?

JAKE
Eh, Joey, even you don't know what you meant. You mentioned Salvy, Tommy Como, <u>you</u> --- that means somethin'. Why'd you say them? You coulda said anybody.

JOEY
You're worried about this girl, you're gonna let this girl ruin you're life for you...You wanna worry, worry about your fuckin stomach that you can't bend over -- that you gotta step in the ring in a month.

JAKE
Did you ever fuck my wife?

JOEY
What?

JAKE
I don't mean now. I mean <u>before</u> -- before we met.

JOEY
Whadda ya mean?

JAKE
Did you ever fuck my wife?

JOEY
Whatsa matter with you?

JAKE
You're very smart, Joey, very smart. Nobody gives me a straight answer around here. You're givin' me these answers, but you still didn't answer my question. Did you fuck Vickie?

57 CONTD

JOEY
(fed up, he starts to leave)
I gotta go. I gotta get outta here. I can't take this shit. Lenore is waitin' for me. I gotta go. You're a definite wacko. You're fuckin' crazy, you know that, crazy.

JAKE'S P.O.V., MOVING SHOT as JOEY leaves. JAKE goes into the bedroom. *

58 INT: THE BEDROOM

JAKE walks over to VICKIE. (MOVE in on VICKIE - JAKE'S P.O.V. * becomes her shot.)

JAKE
Where you been all day?

VICKIE
I took the kids to my sister's.

JAKE
I called. You wern't there.

VICKIE
I got bored so I went to the movies.

JAKE
What'd you see?

VICKIE
I went to the movies.

JAKE
What'd you see?

VICKIE
"Father of the Bride."

JAKE
What was it about?

VICKIE
Oh, c'mon. For Christsake, do I have to tell you everything?

JAKE
Did you ever go to the Copa when I was away?

VICKIE
What're you talking about?

JAKE
Answer me when I talk to you. What happened that night?

58 CONTD

VICKIE
(interrupting, yelling)
I am answering ...

JAKE
(hits her)
What do I have to do to get a straight answer around here.

JAKE holds onto her, but she gets away.

VICKIE
Jake, no --

JAKE
(as he chases her around the room)
Do I have to kill you, eh?
(hits her)
Do I have to kill somebody to get an answer?
(hits her)
I know about you at the Copa. I know all about it.

JAKE catches her.

VICKIE
I didn't do anything wrong. I swear. I just had a few drinks.

JAKE
(pins her down, hits her)
With Salvy, eh?

VICKIE
I went with Sandy and Vera. Salvy was there.
(gets hit)
Stop it. I just had a drink, that's all. I didn't do anything wrong.
(gets hit)

VICKIE escapes and locks herself in the bathroom.

JAKE
(by bathroom door)
Come out of there! Did you fuck Salvy?

(MORE)

58 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
(punches door)
Answer me. Open this fuckin' door, you fuckin' cunt!
(punches door)
Who've you been fuckin'?

VICKIE
(from inside bathroom)
Nobody, I tell you. Jake stop it.

JAKE
You're a fuckin' liar.

He breaks down the door.

JAKE (contd)
Who've you been fuckin'? Salvy?
(hits her)
Tommy Como?
(hits her)
I can't trust nobody.
(hits her)
Did you fuck Joey?
(hits her)
Who you been fuckin'?

She finally manages to push him away.

VICKIE
All right, I fucked everybody! Go ahead, kill me, kill me.

VICKIE takes JAKE's hand and hits herself. JAKE is stunned.

VICKIE
I'll say anything you want me to say. I fucked Salvy. I fucked Tommy. I fucked your brother. I fucked everybody! What do you want to hear? I sucked your brother's fuckin' cock!

JAKE
You did? *

VICKIE
Yeah, I sucked his cock. *

JAKE starts to walk away. VICKIE goes after him.

JAKE IS GONE.

58 CONTD

VICKIE (contd)
it. I was lying. Jake, where you going?

JAKE is gone.

59 INT: JOEY'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - DAY

JOEY is at the kitchen table eating lunch with his family. His wife, LENORE, her hair done up in pin curls, sits next to him. JOEY's TWO KIDS sit across the table from them, bickering.

JOEY
(to kids)
Don't hit your brother! Be nice.

Suddenly, JAKE comes through the front door, goes directly to the table, grabs JOEY, lifts him into the air, and starts hitting him.

JOEY (contd)
Jake, stop it.

JAKE keeps hitting JOEY. The KIDS start to cry. LENORE wants to stop the fight, but is afraid to get too close.

JAKE
Was Vickie part of the deal with Tommy? Was my wife part of the deal? Tell me, was that it?

JOEY
Stop it. What're you, crazy?

JAKE drags JOEY into the living room, and pushes him onto the floor.

JAKE
(kneeling over Joey and hitting him)
You didn't tell me. You didn't tell me. You let me marry her. You let me marry her.

VICKIE rushes into the house, past LENORE and the TWO KIDS who are screaming even louder now.

VICKIE
(hitting Jake on his back as he hits Joey)
You're killing him. You're killing him for nothing. Stop it.

59 CONTD

JAKE
(hits her)
Get the fuck outa here. Whadda you mean "nothing"? You stupid bitch!

VICKIE
(still hitting Jake)
Nothing is what I said! Go on, kill me.
(hits him)
Kill me.
(hits him)
I'm not afraid of you anymore. I don't care if you kill me like you're killing him. You're a sick animal.

JOEY is knocked out. LENORE goes over to him and holds him.

JAKE
(to Vickie)
You're the fuckin' animal! You ran around with every guy I knew while I was breakin' my ass for you.

VICKIE
(as she pushes and hits Jake to the front door)
You're not only an animal, you're a stupid animal.
(pushes and hits him out the front door)
You're rotten.
(hits him)
Rotten.
(hits him)
Rotten.
(hits him)
You're a sick maniac. A maniac! You belong in a mental hospital.

60 EXT: JOEY'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - DAY

VICKIE gives JAKE a final push out the door and then slams it in his face.

60 CONTD

JAKE is left alone on the front steps.

DISSOLVE TO:

61 INT: JAKE'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

JAKE sits alone in the darkness.

VICKIE lets herself in. She comes and stands behind him.

VICKIE
Well, he ain't dead in case you're interested.
(pause)
I'm leaving you. And I don't care if you do try to kill me. Go ahead. I'm not afraid of you anymore. There's worse things than being dead and one of them's living with you --
(pause)
I'm leaving tonight. I must have been crazier than you are for stayin' with you this long. You're hopeless. You're not gonna let anybody love you. I kept thinking that you'd change when you got to be the champ ... But I just can't take it anymore. I'm taking the kids and I'm leavin'.

There is a pause.

JAKE
Aw, Vickie, aw Vickie, please no. Vickie, no ... don't leave me. Christ, I'm pleading ... I know, I know all the bad things, but I need you. I'm a bum without you and the kids. I'll change. Aw, Vickie, maybe I don't do it the right way, but I love you. I love you.

There is a pause.

VICKIE
You know, if there's one thing -- I just don't understand you, not one single little bit. You love me?

61 CONTD

JAKE
Yeah --

DISSOLVE TO:

62 INT: STEAM BATH - NIGHT

The steam is oppressively thick. It must be 140 degrees.

JAKE, nude, does push-ups on the floor. His body is bathed in sweat.

He pushes himself up, then collapses. His eyes are glazed over from lack of strength.

He makes his way to the door and pounds on it.

TONY opens the door and gets on his knees beside JAKE.

TONY
It ain't worth it, Jake. Get out.

JAKE
(barely coherent)
What time is it?

TONY
Nine o'clock.

JAKE
At night?

TONY
Yeah. At night.

JAKE
How many pounds I gotta lose?

TONY
Three more, I figure.

JAKE
Just give me a chip of ice to put in my mouth. Just a chip of ice.

TONY
I'll give you anything you want, Jake. I think you should come out for a few minutes -- give yourself a break.

62 CONTD

JAKE
(barely audible)
Are you outa your mind? If I come out, I'll lose the title.

63 INT: JAKE'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

VICKIE is seated on the sofa, reading newspapers. JAKE is pacing.

VICKIE
Jake, why don't you just try lying down and get some rest.

JAKE
I don't know what it is. I dunno, it's the kind of thing that -- the words won't come out.

VICKIE
Jake --

JAKE
What?

VICKIE
I want to say something to you without you blowing your stack.

JAKE
Ok. Talk.

VICKIE
(pause)
Why don't you just call him up?

JAKE
What do I say to him? Call him up on the phone and say, "Joey, I'm sorry about that little trouble we had. How about havin' dinner?" Is that what I say?

VICKIE
No, not that.

JAKE
Then what?

VICKIE
(pause)
I don't know.

64 INT: OLYMPIA STADIUM, DETROIT - NIGHT (SEPT. 13, 1950)

The LAMOTTA-DAUTHUILLE middleweight championship is told through the eyes and words of the RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER. JAKE is not doing well.

RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER
... Ladies and gentlemen, I've sat in front of these microphones for over twenty years but this is the strangest championship bout I've ever seen. With two minutes to go in the final round, the champion, the mighty Bull from the Bronx, is just simply taking punch after punch from the challenger. Dauthuille scores a combination, then backpedals. LaMotta pursues him. One minute to go. Laurent Dauthuille, who has already beat LaMotta in a non-title bout, is about to fulfill a dream -- to bring the middleweight crown back to France.

In the ring, JAKE looks like he's on queer street. Bouncing off the ropes, opening his jaw to DAUTHUILLE. But DAUTHUILLE's punches lack strength. JAKE is playing possum.

RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER (contd)
Thirty seconds to go. The Bull starts to swing. LaMotta comes in for a brutal body combination: one, two, three, four punches. LaMotta has landed a solid left hook to the Frenchman's jaw! Dauthuille seems confused. LaMotta is swinging wildly now: right, left, right, left! Dauthuille is backing off! Everyone is on their feet! I can hardly see, ladies and gentlemen. Dauthuille is on the ropes. LaMotta hits a right -- Dauthuille is down! Dauthuille is down! Referee Lou Handler is counting him out -- three, four, five -- if Dauthuille can stand, he'll win the decision -- eight, nine -- Dauthuille is on one knee -- ten! It's all over! With thirteen seconds left on the clock, Jake LaMotta has retained his middleweight championship in one

(MORE)

64 CONTD

RINGSIDE ANNOUNCER (contd)
of the most remarkable combacks in boxing! Dauthuille is standing now, confused. But the fight is over.

AN ANNOUNCER holds up JAKE's victorious hand. He seems as surprised as everyone else.

TONY throws JAKE's robe around his shoulders as THE ANNOUNCER calls out:

ANNOUNCER
The middleweight champion, and still champion by a knockout in fifteen rounds, the Bronx Bull, the Raging Bull, Jake LaMotta!

The CROWD cheers. JAKE raises his arms in victory.

65 INT: JAKE'S DRESSING ROOM - OLYMPIA STADIUM - NIGHT

It is after the fight. TONY, VICKIE, and OTHERS are in the room. Some PEOPLE are leaving. Congratulations are heard.

TONY puts away JAKE's fight gear.

JAKE, half-dressed, looks troubled.

JAKE
(to Vickie)
I miss Joey. I wish Joey was here.

VICKIE
Why don't you just call him?

JAKE
I dunno.

VICKIE
Tell him how you feel -- you miss him. Tell him you're sorry.

JAKE
(after a pause)
Ok, all right. Telephone's in the hall. Dial his number.

VICKIE goes to the pay phone in the hall, and dials long distance.

65 CONTD

JAKE is nervous, but follows VICKIE.

66 THE HALLWAY

As the number starts to ring, VICKIE hands the phone to JAKE.

JOEY (OS)
Hello...hello...

JAKE can't answer.

JOEY (OS contd)
What's this, a joke? Hello...
Hey!

JAKE can't answer.

JOEY (OS contd)
Well, if there's somebody listenin',
their mother's a fuckin' whore who
takes it in the ass.

There is a click as JOEY hangs up.

JAKE stands there, and finally hangs up the phone.

67 INT:"JAKE LA MOTTA'S" - NIGHT (1956)

JAKE gulps down the last of his Scotch.

JAKE (continuing his monologue)
I shoulda never hit my brother.
Afterwards I was sorry. Now everytime I
need somethin' I gotta go shoppin' for it!
A psychiatrist once told me, "When you hit
your brother you're really hittin' your
mother but you can't admit it to yourself."
He's really crazy. I woulda never hit my
mother. I mean, only in self-defense!
A lot of people wanta know who was the
best guy I ever fought. Let's see...
there was that one I fought twice...
the other Frenchman...you know who I
mean...
(having trouble pronouncing the name)
...Dauthuille!---He was tough but I beat
him..I had to! I mean, how would it sound
losin' to a guy whose name you can't even
pronounce?
But....Robinson. I can say that alright.
I fought Sugar Ray so many times it's a
wonder I don't have diabetes!
Linda....get me another drink!
Linda's the most popular waitress here...
you can tell by her tips!

67 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
She's the kinda girl I go for.
You oughta see the ones I get.

LINDA brings him another Scotch.

JAKE (contd)
...Thanks, babe.
She's a nice kid.
She'll only do it with a guy if she really likes him.
She's got a lot in common with Will Rogers---never met a man she didn't like!
....I was talkin' about Sugar Ray.
Some of you think I was better than him...but you know, it's a toss-up.
Except the last fight...
February 14, 1951.

JAKE sips his drink.

JAKE(contd)
Valentine's Day. The anniversary of the St. Valentine's Massacre. Robinson didn't use a machine gun but it was still a massacre...

JAKE takes another drink.

JAKE (contd)
Actually, I was doin' okay at first.
In fact, by the end of the fifth round I really had him worried---he thought he killed me.

68 INT: JOEY'S PELHAM PARKWAY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FEB. 14, 1951)

LENORE, JOEY's wife, watches the 6th Robinson-LaMotta fight on JOEY's new television console.

JOEY walks by on his way to another room, but stops to watch.

LENORE is not a fight fan, but is caught up in the fight, anyway.

LENORE
Look at that. The sonofabitch is outboxing Robinson.

JOEY
I can't believe he's getting that jab in.

The bell sounds, and a Pabst commercial comes on:

68 CONTD

PABST COMMERCIAL
"Friend, the quality that has carried Pabst Blue Ribbon around the world is yours for the asking. Next time that friendly bartender says, 'What'll you have?'give him the answer the whole world gives, Pabst Blue Ribbon!"

69 INT: CHICAGO STADIUM - NIGHT

TONY is wiping JAKE off in his corner.

JAKE
He ain't hurting me, but I can't get him down.

TONY
Don't talk. Keep at it. Jab, jab, jab. You're ahead on points.

69 CONTD

In the other, SUGAR RAY'S TRAINER pats down ROBINSON's pompadour as he says:

S.R.'S TRAINER
He's going, Sugar. He's old. He ain't Jake LaMotta no more. Make your move, Sugar. Kill him!

ROBINSON nods.

The bell sounds and the FIGHTERS step onto the canvas. They look at each other before the boxing starts -- they both know the inevitable outcome. ROBINSON smiles.

70 INT: JOEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ROBINSON makes his move. His arms are a blur, swinging rapidly but accurately.

JOEY and LENORE are suddenly silent.

TV ANNOUNCER
LaMotta's on queer street, but he's still standing. Robinson throws a right, a left, a right, a right and a right again! How can LaMotta stay on his feet?

On the TV, WE SEE that ROBINSON has JAKE up against the ropes. He's giving JAKE a pier six beating. It's the Fox fight for real.

JAKE's face is so soaked in blood that it's impossible to pinpoint the cuts.

TV ANNOUNCER (contd)
No man can take this kind of punishment. LaMotta is just a rag doll now. God knows what's holding him up. This is an historic beating. Sugar Ray staggers LaMotta with a left, and comes across with a black-jack punch to the champion's head. The referee is stepping in, Robinson has LaMotta on the ropes. That's it! Sugar Ray Robinson, former welterweight champion, has taken the middle-weight crown from Jake LaMotta.

As the REFEREE stops the fight, JOEY sighs with relief.

71 INT: CHICAGO STADIUM - NIGHT

LAMOTTA, a bloody and beaten fighter, walks over to the victorious ROBINSON and puts his arm on his shoulder.

JAKE
You never knocked me down.
You could never knock me down.

ROBINSON, receiving congratulations from every direction, takes time to turn to JAKE and say:

ROBINSON
So what?

72 EXT: JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - DAY (JUNE 2, 1954)

ESTABLISHING SHOT. The house is quite large, and has beautiful landscaping and a swimming pool.

73 INT: JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

JAKE, wearing sportclothes that can't hide his paunch, and VICKIE, wearing a dress and looking her best, sit in the living room with their THREE CHILDREN (the TWO BOYS, and also a GIRL, about two years old).

A still PHOTOGRAPHER clicks pictures of JAKE and VICKIE as TWO REPORTERS talk with JAKE.

JAKE
I'm pulling out of next Wednesday's TV bout 'cause I can't make the weight. I'm fighting at light heavyweight, and I still can't make the weight.

REPORTER
Does that mean ...

JAKE
It means I'm through with boxing. I'm tired with tryin' to make the weight anymore. I'm sick of thinkin' about weight, weight, weight.

REPORTER
You sound bitter.

JAKE
Why should I be bitter? Boxing's been good to me. I got a nice house, three great kids, a beautiful wife -- take a picture of her. Vickie.

73 CONTD

VICKIE poses dutifully.

JAKE (contd)
Ain't she beautiful? Coulda been Mrs. America if I didn't pull her outa the contest. Didn't want her wearing a swim-suit for nobody but me.

REPORTER
What do you think of Jake's retirement, Mrs. LaMotta?

JAKE cuts in:

JAKE
I also bought a club on Collins Avenue, and I'm gonna open it real soon. Know what I'm gonna call it? "Jake LAMotta's."

74 INT: "JAKE LAMOTTA'S - NIGHT (1956)

JAKE, an empty glass in his hand, stands on the bar platform. He's wearing a white tuxedo jacket with a red rose in the lapel. His tuxedo shirt is stained. He continues his monologue.

JAKE (contd)
Valentine's Day. The anniversary of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Robinsin didn't use a machine gun but it was still a massacre...
(takes another drink)
Actually, I was doin' okay at first. In fact, by the end of the fifth round I really had him worried---he thought he killed me.
you know, I could keep tellin' you this brilliant material all night---but you'd only laugh.
Now I'm gonna sing.
---Any requests?
I mean, besides "don't"!
(then to piano player)
---In the key of H.
(then to audience)
You're laughin'. Give me the right key and I'll play in anybody's flat!
I sing for a reason. When I finish, you'll be so sobered up, we'll sell a lot of booze.

JAKE's onstage version of "That's Entertainment" differs from the backstage version. It's not just that he's a little drunk---no, his voice is defiant, sadly defiant. He is singing at the PATRONS rather than to them.

74 CONTD

JAKE
"When the fighter's not engaged in
his employment, his employment,
Although he was Champ and quite
the rage,
He must go somewhere else to seek
employment, seek employment.
So what does he do? He goes upon
the stage and meets his true
adversaries,
All you members of the human race.
But a fighter's life is not a bowl
of cherries,
Still I'd rather have an egg than a
fist upon my face...
That's Entertainment!"

JAKE brings the BAND to a crescendo with a wave of his

74 CONTD

hand, then silences it. The spotlight goes out and there is a hearty round of applause.

JAKE receives the kisses, glad handshakes and congratulations of the PATRONS as he works his way around the club.

JAKE's new friends love him. They are PARTY GIRLS, SPORTS FIGURES, COLUMNISTS, MOBSTERS, B ACTORS, and OTHER "CELEBRITIES."

JAKE poses for a still with TWO BUXOM YOUNG LOVELIES. ONE GIRL giggles as he fondles her. After the flash goes off, the GIRLS admire his "small, delicate" hands.

JAKE steps over to a table and greets J.R., a newspaper columnist, and his COMPANIONS.

JAKE
J.R., glad you could make it.

J.R.
You were great, Jake. Just like old times. Good thing Sugar Ray wasn't here tonight. Oh Jake, this is State's Attorney Bronson and his wife.

JAKE shakes his hand, then holds it up -- showing an empty palm.

JAKE
(joking)
Sorry, empty! Heh, heh! Oh, I didn't mean that. If I don't give your husband no money, he won't have enough to buy you a drink. To show you I'm a nice guy, this one's on me. The last one was your payment for this month.

BRONSON is embarrassed. He doesn't think the joke is funny, but he manages a smile. His WIFE gives a nervous laugh. JAKE leans over and kisses her.

JAKE (contd)
You're a good sport, lady.

J.R.'S FRIEND
I saw you fight Bob Satterfield in '46, Jake. In Chicago. You were great.

74 CONTD

JAKE
Yeah, I really cleaned up on him.

J.R.
Where's your wife, Jake?

JAKE
Do you think I'd let her in a place like this with guys like you hangin' around?

JAKE feigns a few jabs, and they all laugh. He walks off.

As JAKE leaves, J.R. whispers to his FRIEND:

J.R.
You ought to see his wife.

JAKE steps over to a table where some of the "BOYS" are sitting. ROCKY is the Miami 1956 version of Salvy.

JAKE
Hey, Ricky, glad you came.

RICKY
Wouldn't miss it, Jake.

JAKE calls a WAITRESS over.

JAKE
Hey, honey, give these fellas a round on me. I can tell they're gonna be regular customers.

The WAITRESS says to a clearly underaged GIRL:

WAITRESS
I'll have to ask for your I.D.

JAKE leans over and gives the young GIRL a long kiss on the lips. She enthusiastically reciprocates.

JAKE
Whew! Any girl that can kiss like that can drink in my club anytime!

They all laugh as JAKE moves on. The life of the party.

75 EXT: "JAKE LAMOTTA'S" - DAY

JAKE, hungover, his tux wrinkled, walks out of the club to the adjacent parking lot.

VICKIE is sitting in her yellow Cadillac outside the club. The curbside window is halfway up. She calls to him:

VICKIE
Jake.

JAKE, chagrined, steps over to the car.

JAKE
I'm sorry. I had to work late last night. Slept at the club.

VICKIE
I'm leaving you, Jake.

JAKE
Sure, what else is new?

VICKIE
No. This time it's true. I didn't bother to tell you until I had everything worked out.

JAKE tries to open the door. It's locked.

JAKE
Open the door, Vickie.

VICKIE
No. I won't talk to you where you can use your hands on me.

JAKE
Aw, c'mon. Don't say that.

VICKIE
I got a lawyer, Jake. We're getting a divorce. I'm getting custody of the kids.

JAKE
Aw, c'mon, Vick --

VICKIE
I'm sick of it. I can't watch you this way. You're too drunk all the time. There's too many girls. I can't ... I don't wanna talk about it. I made up my mind.

75 CONTD

JAKE tries to reach in the window, but VICKIE hits the power switch, closing it and catching his hand. She now has to yell to him:

VICKIE (contd)
You got three days to get your stuff out of the house. After that, the cops will be there. I have the kids with me. I never want to see you again.

VICKIE turns her face and drives away.

JAKE grabs at the Cadillac, but it is bigger and stronger than him.

JAKE is left alone in the parking lot. The car is gone.

76 INT: JAKE'S OFFICE - DAY (JAN. 9, 1957)

JAKE has an office above the lounge. Ever since VICKIE left, it's also been his apartment.

The place is a mess. JAKE sends his laundry out when he runs out of clean clothes. Dirty socks, shorts and shirts are scattered randomly. Empty whiskey bottles on the desk, empty beer cans in the wastebasket.

1ST DEPUTY
Let's go, Jake, wake up!

JAKE
Huh? Whadda ya mean, get up?

1ST DEPUTY
(showing badge)
We're from ...

JAKE
(interrupting)
I know where you're from. You guys look the same every place.

1ST DEPUTY
They wanna talk to you.

JAKE
About what?

1ST DEPUTY
I don't run the joint. They just told me to bring you in.

76 CONTD

JAKE
For what?

2ND DEPUTY
C'mon, get dressed.

JAKE hunts for his clothes.

JAKE
Hey, I'm a big taxpayer down here. Don't that entitle me to some information what this is all about?

The SECOND DEPUTY shows JAKE a photo.

2ND DEPUTY
You recognize this girl? She been in the club?

JAKE
I dunno.

2ND DEPUTY
She says you introduced her to men.

JAKE
I introduced a lot of people to men. So what? What does that mean?

2ND DEPUTY
She's fourteen.

CLOSE UP of picture.

77 EXT: JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - DAY

JAKE, wearing a suit, walks up to the door and pushes the bell.

VICKIE opens the door and looks at him over the chain.

JAKE
Vickie, open up. I need to come in.

VICKIE
Are you drunk?

JAKE
No. Open the door.

77 CONTD

JAKE tries to touch her face through the doorway crack, but she steps back.

JAKE (contd)
Please, Vick. I won't bother you. I'm out on bail. You can send the kids next door. I just gotta pick one thing up, then I'll get outa here.

VICKIE thinks a moment, then opens the door and lets JAKE in.

VICKIE
The kids are sleeping.

JAKE
I promise I just gotta pick up one thing.

VICKIE
All right, just don't make any noise.

78 INT: JAKE'S MIAMI HOUSE - DAY

JAKE walks directly past VICKIE into the living room. VICKIE watches from a safe distance.

JAKE removes his jewel-studded championship belt from the glass bookcase and carries it into the kitchen.

In the kitchen, he takes a hammer and screwdriver out of a drawer, places the belt on the counter top, and starts digging the jewels out of it.

VICKIE appears in the doorway.

VICKIE
What are you doing?

JAKE
I need ten thousand dollars. My lawyer says if we can spread ten thousand bucks around, we can get the case dropped.

VICKIE
But they don't have a case against you.

78 CONTD

JAKE
(digging at the belt)
Are you kiddin'? Did you ever see a 14-year-old testify in court? Did you see the papers? "LaMotta on Vice Rap." Everybody likes a shot at the Champ.

VICKIE
Jake, be careful! What're you doing to the belt?!

JAKE
Don't make no difference no more.

VICKIE
Can't you get the money from your friends?

JAKE
What friends?

JAKE, frustrated by his task, turns the belt over and hammers at it. The jewels scatter across the counter top and floor. JAKE collects the jewels and puts the, in his pockets.

79 INT: JEWELRY SHOP - DAY

JAKE stands at the counter of a small jewelry store. The JEWELER examines the stones.

JEWELER
Didn't you also wish to sell the Championship Belt, Mr. LaMotta?

JAKE
That's it. Those are the jewels that were in the belt.

JEWELER
But where's the belt?

JAKE
You want the jewels or the belt?

JEWELER
Both. These stones are worth about fifteen hundred dollars, but the belt of a champion is a very rare item. The belt
(MORE)

79 CONTD

JEWELER (contd)
with the stones untouched would have been worth near five thousand dollars.

JAKE seems to despair of the whole thing: the belt, the attempt to raise 10 g's, the vice case, his life.

80 EXT: PHONE BOOTH - DAY

JAKE places a call from a booth outside the jewelry store.

JAKE (on phone)
I can't raise the ten thousand. Fuck 'em. Let 'em put me on trial.

81 INT: BARBIZON DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Same as Scene 1.

JAKE, 42 years old, continues to rehearse. He is seated across from a mirror.

JAKE
So there I am in the can...and not the one that says "gentlemen" on the door. I'm talkin' about jail! Down south! I mean, jail up north is gotta be like summer camp compared to jail down in cracker country. And if you're a guy like me, you ain't got a chance in a place like that. Especially if you're Italian...you come from the Bronx... and you're an ex-champ.
As soon as they saw me...soon as they heard me...I know I'm in trouble.
To me, they got an accent, and to them, I got an accent!
You gotta get the picture --- I'm big, I got small hands, i walk like I'm still in the ring....the balls of my feet pop up and down, you know... and whenever I get the chance, I read a lot. So naturally, takin' all this into consideration, they figure it adds up to one thing --- I'm queer!
Now I didn't mind too much when they called me "Queer" or "Mr. Tough Guy" or "Yankee Punk"...
But one day these screws really got to me... I was workin' on the work gang, pickin' up some trees that were knocked

81 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
down by a storm or somethin' and puttin' 'em on this truck. All of a sudden...one of the trees slipped and fell on me and pinned me to the ground. I'm lyin' there with a tree across my chest! This screw walks over, takin' his time, he looks down at me and says, "Well, Champ Pimp...you lyin' down on the job again?"!
They got a great sense of humor when they're standin' there with a gun in their arms and you got a tree on your chest!
So I look up at him and say, "Oh, this tree...it fell on me."
And he says, "Oh, I'm sorry...If I'd have known, I would've yelled 'timber'"
I said, "Hey, look...it hurts. I think maybe I broke somethin'!"
He says, "Well, whaddaya know...Champ Pimp's got himself a boo-boo."
Then I got as stupid as him. I said, "If I'm Champ Pimp...how 'bout givin' me the money you made last night?"!
Then another screw comes over and says, "This Yankee creep givin' you trouble?"---
What kind of trouble? What am I gonna do---hit 'em with the tree?
Now anybody else in their right mind would've said, "No sir, I wouldn't think of giving any of you gentlemen trouble...I just want to serve my time and get the hell out of here as soon as I can."
That's anybody else.
When I said it...it was a little different. "You stupid cracker...take your hands off me or I'll get up and kick your brains out---but first you gotta bend over so I can find 'em!"!
Next thing I know I'm in the hole. Solitary confinement.
All my life I had guys in my corner yellin' "Go get 'em, Jake...kill 'em! You're the greatest."
Now there's nobody rootin' for me.
But it wasn't so bad.
I learned things there.
I learned how to scratch a calendar on the wall.

81 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
I never knew how to do that before.
Now I know.
Monday is one scratch.
Tuesday is two scratches.
Wednesday is three scratches.
And so on. Except for Sundays.
Sundays is no scratches. Sundays
I rested.

82 INT: DADE COUNTY STOCKADE - DAY

The CAMERA TRACKS down the lonely corridors of the Dade County Prison. Empty faces stare out from behind the bars.

JAKE is led down a long corridor by TWO GUARDS. His hands and legs are manacled and chained.

The GUARDS, redneck screws both, take special pleasure in working JAKE over.

They take JAKE to the "Hole" ---solitary confinement.

82 CONTD

ONE of the GUARDS unmanacles JAKE.

Both GUARDS push JAKE into the cell and slam the door.

83 INT: THE HOLE - DAY OR NIGHT

A thin slit provides the only light in JAKE's cell.

The rough cement walls are covered with obscure graffiti. The 8x8x8 room features only a cot and a toilet.

The room is mostly darkness. Sounds are more tangible here than sights.

WE SEE JAKE's body as it passes through the slit of light.

JAKE crouches into the corner away from the light. As WE SEE JAKE's face, the following MONTAGE images appear.

(There will be contrasting sound effects accompanying the images: for example, the image of JAKE hitting VICKIE might be accompanied by the sounds from a love scene between them.)

A) 1940s black and white pornography: partially clothed men and women engaged in explicit sex acts.

B) Boxing magazines: fighters' beaten and bloody faces. A body building ad: Charles Atlas raises his muscled biceps.

C) Li'l Abner comics: Daisy Mae's tits seem about to fall free.

D) Reprise from earlier scene: Back in JAKE and IRMA's old apartment, JOEY, using a towel as a glove, punches JAKE in the face.

E) A 1934 "OLDER GIRL" sashays into the candy store in flickering 8mm black and white footage. WE SEE ohter Bronx PRETEEN GIRLS walking, smiling.

F) At Shorehaven pool, JAKE and JOEY, in bathing suits, are sleeping in the sun next to each other. OTHER BATHERS are around, also taking in the sun.

G) Reprise from earlier scene: As in D, JOEY hits JAKE in the face again.

WE SEE again the image of JAKE's face as he sits in his cell.

83 CONTD

The MONTAGE continues:

H) JANIRO's face at the weigh-in.

I) JAKE throws JANIRO a kiss at the weigh-in.

J) JAKE punches in JANIRO's face.

K) A naked GIRL stands in the doorway of a bedroom.

L) JAKE lies in bed with IRMA staring at the ceiling.

M) VICKIE's pretty young face DOUBLE EXPOSES with SUGAR RAY ROBINSON's.

N) DR. PINTO injects novacaine into JAKE's fists.

O) Sitting in his corner of the ring, JAKE spits blood into a pail ...

P) Still in JAKE's corner: JOEY wipes off his brother's bloody face.

Q) Still in JAKE's corner: There is an open cut over JAKE's eye. JOEY, rushing against time, sucks the blood from the wound as DR. PINTO begins to examine it.

R) Still in JAKE's corner: JOEY puts the mouthpiece in JAKE's mouth. (SLOW MOTION)

S) JAKE wins over CERDAN. JOEY, overenthusiastic, hits JAKE on the back of the head a little too hard. JAKE gives JOEY a quick look, but JOEY just embraces him.

T) On a bed, a GIRL is going down on JOEY. The GIRL turns and looks up at JAKE. It's LINDA, the waitress from his club. JAKE stares.

U) JAKE's fist hits LINDA's face.

V) VICKIE playfully bends JAKE's hand back, pretending to break it.

W) JAKE hits LINDA again. She cries.

X) Repeat image N: DR. PINTO injects novacaine into JAKE's fists.

WE SEE again the image of JAKE's face as he sits in his cell.

83 CONTD

The MONTAGE continues:

Y) VICKIE is in her underwear in a bedroom. A pair of black arms come in and embrace her body.

Z) CLOSE UP of JAKE; he reacts to this. He's in the ring with SUGAR RAY. He knocks SUGAR RAY out of the ring.

AA) VICKIE again. JAKE approaches her from behind, pulls her head back by her hair, and slaps her.

BB) THE ANNOUNCER points to SUGAR RAY as the winner. (Different fight.) CAMERA PANS to RAY, victorious, his arms up.

CC) A bloodied JAKE comes over to SUGAR RAY and embraces him.

WE ARE BACK WITH JAKE in the cell. He slowly starts to bang his head against the wall.

JAKE
(murmuring)
Why, why, why?

(with each bang of his head)

I'm a man, I'm a man.

I'm no faggot.

I'm not a faggot.

Ma, why? What do they want?

My cock's not enough.

What do they want from me?

Why? Ma? Why?

JAKE is now smashing the wall with all his strength -- vicious body punches.

JAKE (contd)
Why, why, why me?

You took it away from me.

They took everything away.
(MORE)

83 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
What do they want from me?

What the fuck do they want from me?

I ain't bad.

I ain't bad.

I'm not that guy.

I'm not that guy.

I'm not a monster.

I'm not an animal.

JAKE breaks his knuckles; the pain and blood are unbearable.

JAKE collapses to the concrete floor. His hands are smashed. He cries, then sobs.

JAKE (contd)
I'm not like that.

Please.

I'm not like that.

Please.

Please.

Please.

Then silence.

We begin to hear: JAKE doing a monologue.

JAKE (contd)
And so, as Shakespeare said,
I've been down so <u>low</u> there's
nowhere else to <u>go</u>.

84 INT: METROPOLE - NIGHT (1958)

The Metropole is a club on 7th Avenue off Times Square.

JAKE LAMOTTA, 36 years old and wearing a hip Fifties suit, continues his monologue.

84 CONTD

JAKE
Except here, gentlemen, with you bums.
I call you "gentlemen"...
but you know what you really are!
You know, this place used to be pretty
exclusive...now they got bouncers
outside to throw the drunks in!
My first night here I said to the boss,
"Where's the toilet?"---
He said, "You're in it!"
By the way, this engagement is just
a stepping-stone for me. If I do good
here, I'm ready to get out of the
business!

The CROWD starts to shout: "Get the fuck off the stage!"

JAKE (contd)
OK, OK, I know what you're waitin' for---
and from the looks of you, you been waitin'
for it for a long time. I had my own joint
in Miami Beach once...it was too kigh-class
for you guys...we had a 50-cent minimum
charge just to keep out the riff-raff!

The CROWD continues to shout, as before, also shouting: "Bring out the girls!"

JAKE (contd)
Hey, sorry. Here's your girls.
(grabs his crotch)
Yeah, she's here...just like it's ad-
vertised out front. She's come back.
A girl who's seen the Lower Depths...
who's been as far as I have in that
direction. She's on her way back
up now...give you an idea how low
she was!
Let's give her a warm welcome...
make her glad she's back, boys.
---Miss Emma 48's!

JAKE gets off the stage as MISS EMMA 48's goes into her dance. He goes over to the bar and gets a drink. SEVERAL OLDER MEN in T-shirts - a disreputable looking lot - are at the bar.

85 EXT: METROPOLE - NIGHT

The club is closing. JAKE and EMMA, the stripper, come out and walk by a delicatessen on their way to a parking lot.

JAKE sees his brother JOEY enter the delicatessen.

85 CONTD

JAKE
Look, sweetie, be a good girl. Here's some money. Take a cab. Go home by yourself. Just wanna walk around a little, sort of unwind. OK?

EMMA
Will I see you later?

JAKE
Yeah. I dunno...I'll call you.

JAKE goes to the parking lot entrance as EMMA gets into a cab.

DISSOLVE TO:

86 EXT: PARKING LOT - NIGHT

It's about twenty minutes later.

DOLLY INTO A MEDIUM SHOT of JAKE waiting by the parking lot. He looks at the delicatessen.

JOEY finally comes out carrying a paper bag. Not noticing JAKE, he walks right past him to his car which is parked near the rear of the outdoor lot.

JAKE
Hey, Joey --

JAKE walks towards JOEY with his hand outstretched.

JOEY looks at JAKE. Silence. JOEY turns his back and starts to get into his car.

JAKE runs over to JOEY and grabs his shoulder.

JAKE (contd)
No, Joey, no. Look, wait a minute, please --

JOEY looks at JAKE like he's shit, throws JAKE's hand off his shoulder, and starts to get into his car again.

JAKE (contd)
Aw, Joey --

JAKE stops JOEY from getting into his car. He puts his hand on JOEY's shoulder again.

JAKE (contd)
You're right. You're perfectly right. You got every right in the world to hate my guts.

JOEY pulls away from JAKE's hand, and tries to put the paper bag into the front seat of the car.

JAKE (contd)
No, please. I know I was a cocksucker. You're right. I shoulda never raised my hands to you.

JOEY half pushes JAKE away, and begins to get into his car again.

JAKE pulls JOEY by the arm.

JAKE (contd)
No, Joey, listen to me --

86 CONTD

JAKE pulls too hard, causing JOEY to drop the paper bag to his feet. The containers of coffee and tea in the bag break open and splatter JOEY's pants legs.

JOEY stares down at his pants, then up at JAKE. Suddenly, he belts JAKE with a left and a right to the jaw. JAKE is taken by surprise, and backs off to get his own hands up.

JOEY keeps pouring it on. JAKE drops his hands and takes it.

JAKE (contd)
Go ahead.
(gets punched)
Hit me again.
(gets punched)
I deserve it ...
(gets punched)
Pay me back ...
(gets punched)
More ...
(gets punched)

JOEY stops in mid-punch and stares at JAKE. He can't figure it out.

JAKE nods and tries to smile, but starts to cry instead.

JAKE (contd)
More. Go ahead, Joey. I deserve it.

JOEY pauses, then finally throws a very weak punch to JAKE's shoulder. He leaves his hand there -- then, uncurls his fist -- and finally puts his hand around JAKE's neck as tears start to fill his eyes.

JOEY hugs JAKE close to him, crying.

They hug each other, both crying. They don't say anything.

87 EXT: BARBIZON PLAZA THEATER - NIGHT (1964)

The theater lights are flashing.

This may not be Broadway, but it's a long way from the Metropole. The entrance to the Barbizon looks out on the corner of 6th Avenue and Central Park South.

A stand-up billboard in front of the theater advertises "An Evening with Jake LaMotta." The billboard also

87 CONTD

lists the authors whose works will be performed: Paddy Chayevsky, Rod Serling, Shakespeare, Bud Schulberg, Tennessee Williams.

88 INT: BARBIZON DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Same as Scenes One and Eighty-One.

JAKE is alone preparing to go onstage. He rehearses.

JAKE
You know, I'm not a philosopher or anything like that but I been around a little and the way I look at it is---
We're, all of us, lookin' for the same thing: a shot at the title.
No matter what you wanta be...you wanta shot at bein' the best.
Well, I had mine and it'll always be in the record books...it don't make no difference what happens to me from here on in --- I got my shot and that's a fact.
Some guys weren't that lucky...like the one Marlon Brando played in "On the Waterfront"---an up and comer who's now a down and outer.
You remember...there was this scene in the back of the car with his brother Charlie, a small-time racket guy, and it went somethin' like this----
"It wasn't him, Charlie.
It was you. You 'member that night in the Garden you came down my dressing room and said. 'Kid, this ain't your night. We're going for the price on Wilson.'
You 'member that? 'This ain't your night!' My night --- I coulda taken Wilson apart! So what happens? He gets the title shot outdoors on the ballpark, and what do I get? A one-way ticket to Palookaville.
I never was no good after that night.
It was like a peak you reach.
Then it went downhill.
It was you, Charlie.
You was my brother, Charlie.
You shoulda looked out for me a little bit. You shoulda taken care of me just a little bit so I wouldn't have to take them dives for the short end money.

88 CONTD

JAKE (contd)
...You don't understand!
I coulda had class.
I coulda been a contender.
I coulda been somebody --- instead
of a bum, which is what I am.
Let's face it. It was you, Charlie."

A shadow goes by the frame; it's a STAGEHAND.

STAGEHAND (OS)
Hey Jake, how you doing?

The shadow exits.

JAKE
How long do I have?

The shadow pops in again.

STAGEHAND (OS)
About five minutes

The shadow exits.

88 CONTD

JAKE

Ok.

JAKE pauses, then starts to shadow-box in his dressing room.

His breath comes in quick gasps. His feet pop up and down like they were on canvas. His tiny fists jerk forward with short bursts of light.

Still alive. Still a contender. A 42-year-old man fighting for his shot.

The CAMERA DOLLIES into a FULL SHOT of his fists as they hit the empty air -- in and out of the frame.

This quote appears: (Music in)

"Verily, verily I say unto thee,
Except a man be born again,
He can not enter into the kingdom
of heaven ... "

John 3-3

The CAMERA goes into DARKNESS.

The END CREDITS roll up.

THE END